

THE BEAST AND  
JEAN GREY FACE  
THE WRATH OF  
**ATTUMA!**



PLUS:  
INFERNO™  
AFTERMATH  
AND  
**DR. DOOM**  
vs.  
**MAGNETO!**  
'NUFF SAID!!



Stan Lee  
PRESENTS:

# I MUST GO DOWN TO THE SEA AGAIN...

PICTURE OF TWO PEOPLE  
NOT HAVING A GOOD TIME.

ON THE ONE HAND, HENRY MCCOY,  
SOMETIMES KNOWN AS HANK, OFT-  
TIMES KNOWN AS THE BOMBASTIC  
BEAST.

ON THE OTHER, JEAN GREY,  
A.K.A. MARVEL GIRL.

AS HER GLASSY-EYED STARE  
MIGHT INDICATE, JEAN HAS  
THE SLIGHT ADVANTAGE OF  
BEING FROZEN IN STASIS  
JUST AT THE MOMENT, AND  
IS THUS UNAWARE OF  
HER PREDICAMENT.

HANK IS NOT SO  
FORTUNATE.

NOT ONLY IS HE FULLY AWARE  
OF THE FACT THAT HE AND HIS  
LONG TIME FRIEND AND PART-  
NER ARE BEING WHISKED  
THROUGH THE AIR AT SPEEDS  
WHICH FEEL CLOSE TO  
SUPERSONIC TO HIS WIND-  
BLASTED HIDE...

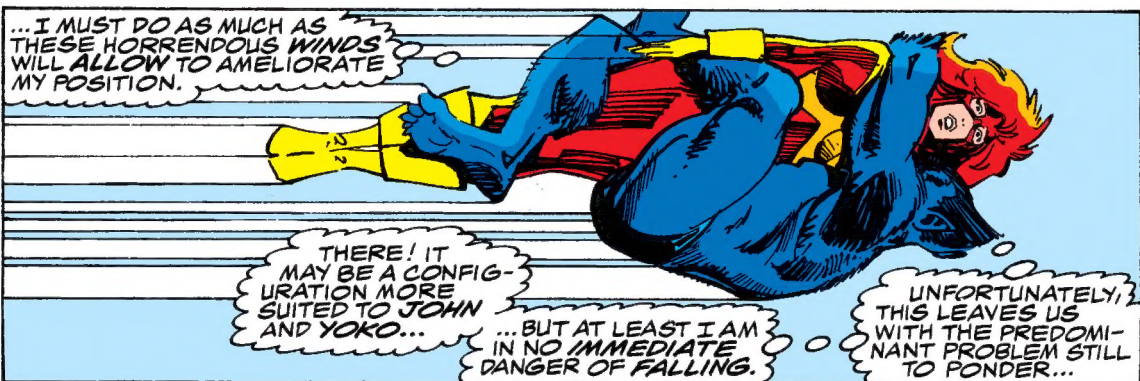
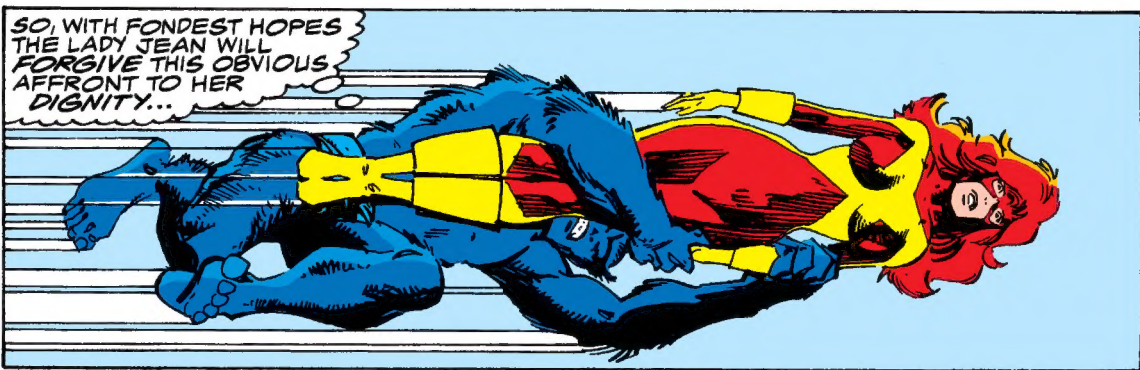
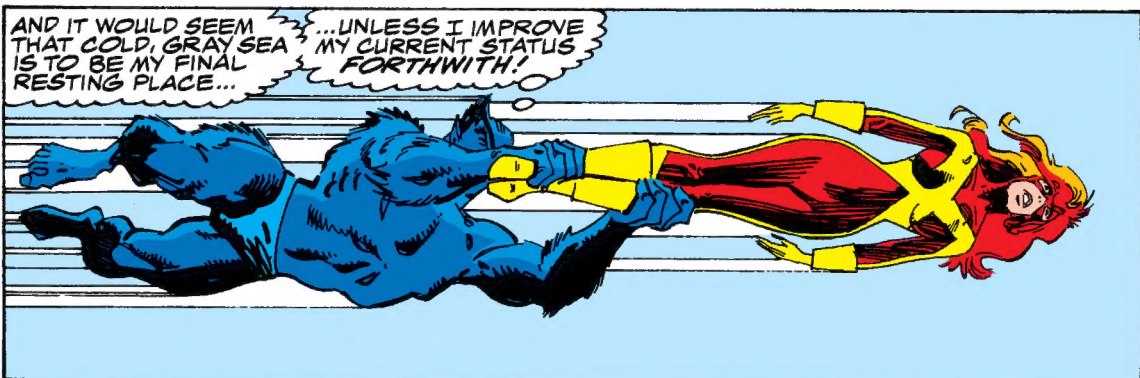
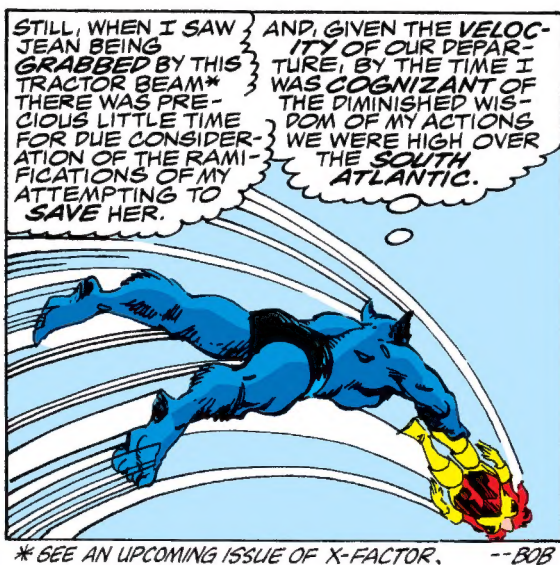
...HE IS ALSO AWARE THAT, SHOULD  
HE LOSE HIS GRIP ON JEAN'S  
SLENDER ANKLE, HE WILL FALL SOME  
THREE MILES TO THE UNFORGIVING  
EMBRACE OF MOTHER EARTH.

FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH, THINGS  
CAN ONLY GET BETTER FOR  
HANK.

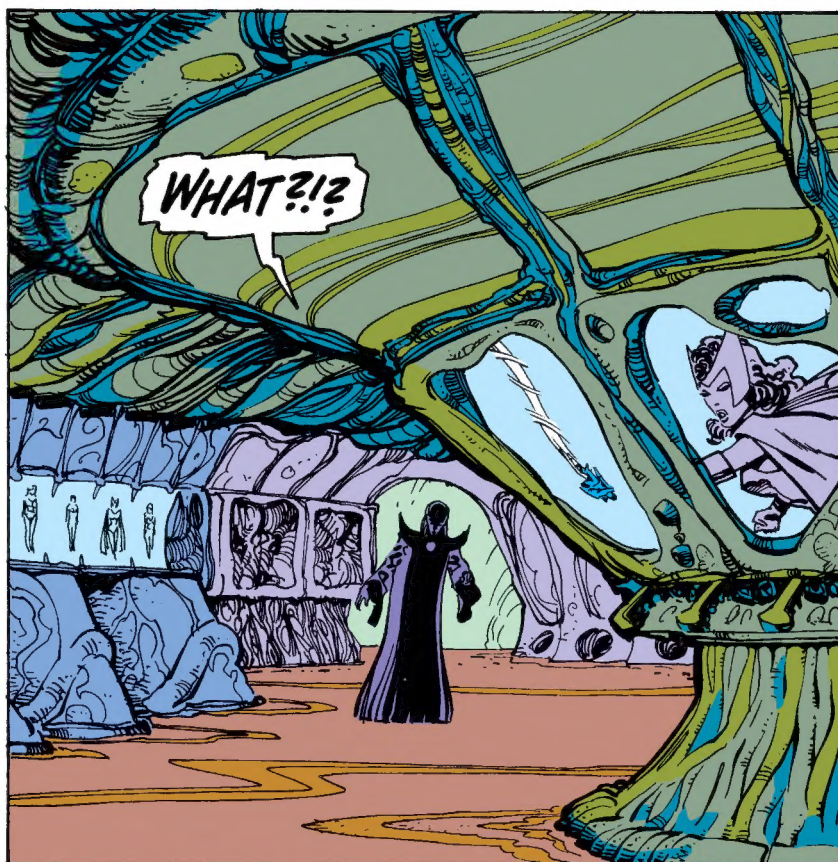
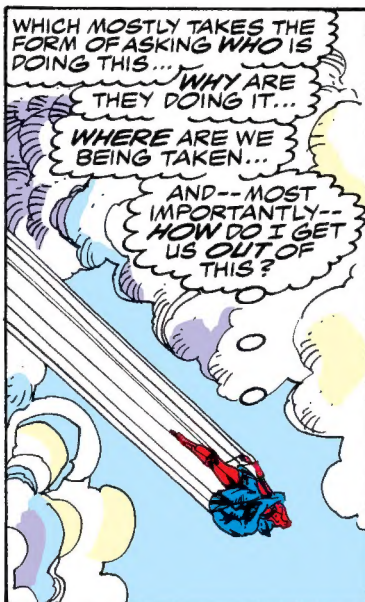
FOR JEAN, THEY  
CAN ONLY GET  
WORSE.

STORY AND PICTURES—JOHN BYRNE  
EMBELLISHMENT—WALT SIMONSON  
LETTERING | COLORING | EDITING  
JIM NOVAK | TOM VINCENT | BOB HARRAS  
TOM DEFALCO—DOWN THE HALL, TURN LEFT.











SOMETHING HAS DIS-  
RUPTED THE TRACTOR  
BEAM TRANSPORTING  
THE SIXTH BRIDE.

IF SHE PERISHES WE MAY  
LOSE IRREPLACEABLE  
TIME SEARCHING FOR A  
SUBSTITUTE.



RECALIBRATE THE  
INSTRUMENTATION!

REALIGN THE  
TRACTOR FIELD.

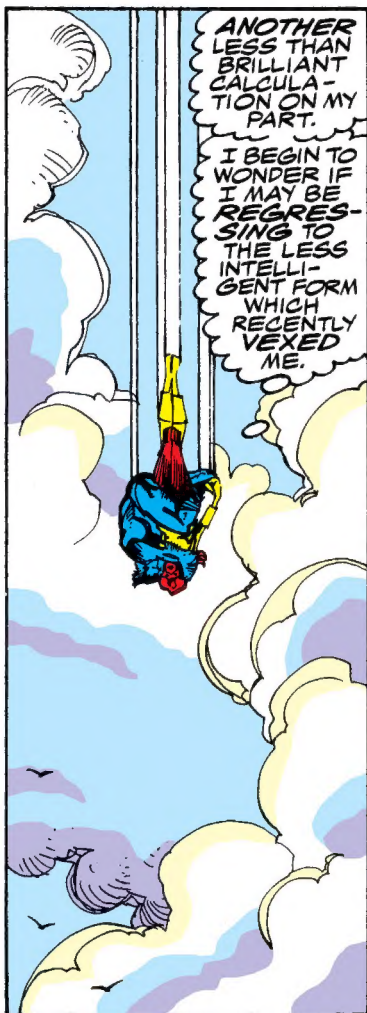
DO IT NOW,  
OR I WILL  
SEE YOU  
ALL  
ROASTED  
OVER A  
SLOW FIRE!

GHAUR  
HAS  
SPOKEN!



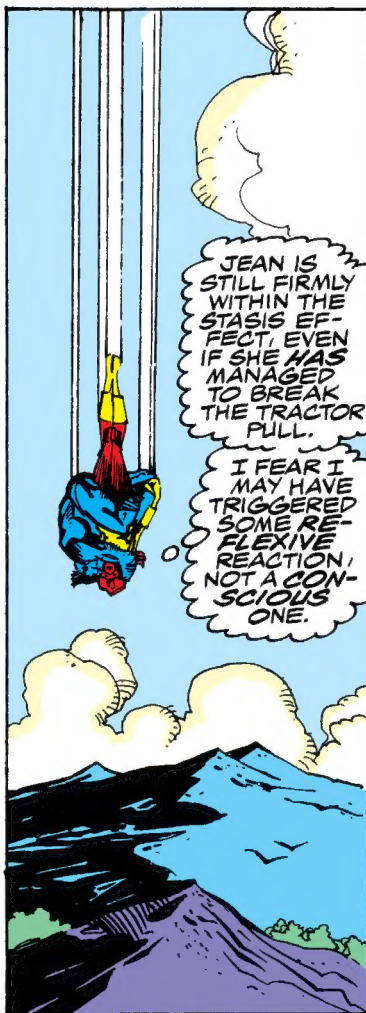
ANOTHER  
LESS THAN  
BRILLIANT  
CALCULA-  
TION ON MY  
PART.

I BEGIN TO  
WONDER IF  
I MAY BE  
REGRES-  
SING TO  
THE LESS  
INTELLI-  
GENT FORM  
WHICH  
RECENTLY  
VEXED  
ME.



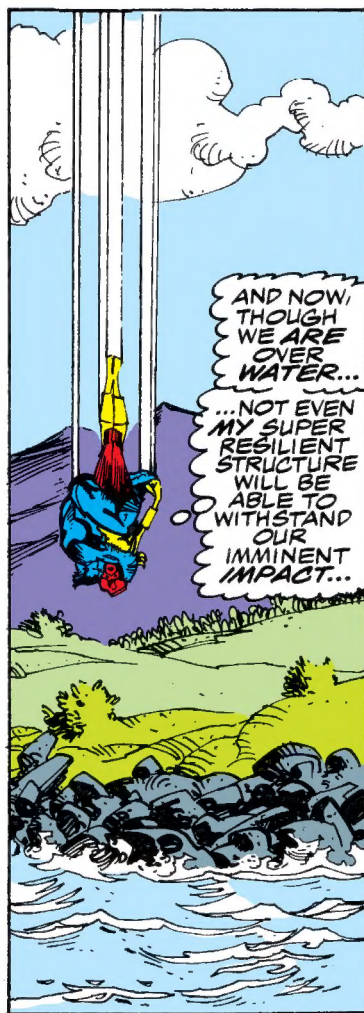
JEAN IS  
STILL FIRMLY  
WITHIN THE  
STASIS EF-  
FECT, EVEN  
IF SHE HAS  
MANAGED TO  
BREAK THE  
TRACTOR  
PULL.

I FEAR I  
MAY HAVE  
TRIGGERED  
SOME RE-  
FLEXIVE  
REACTION,  
NOT A CON-  
SCIOUS  
ONE.

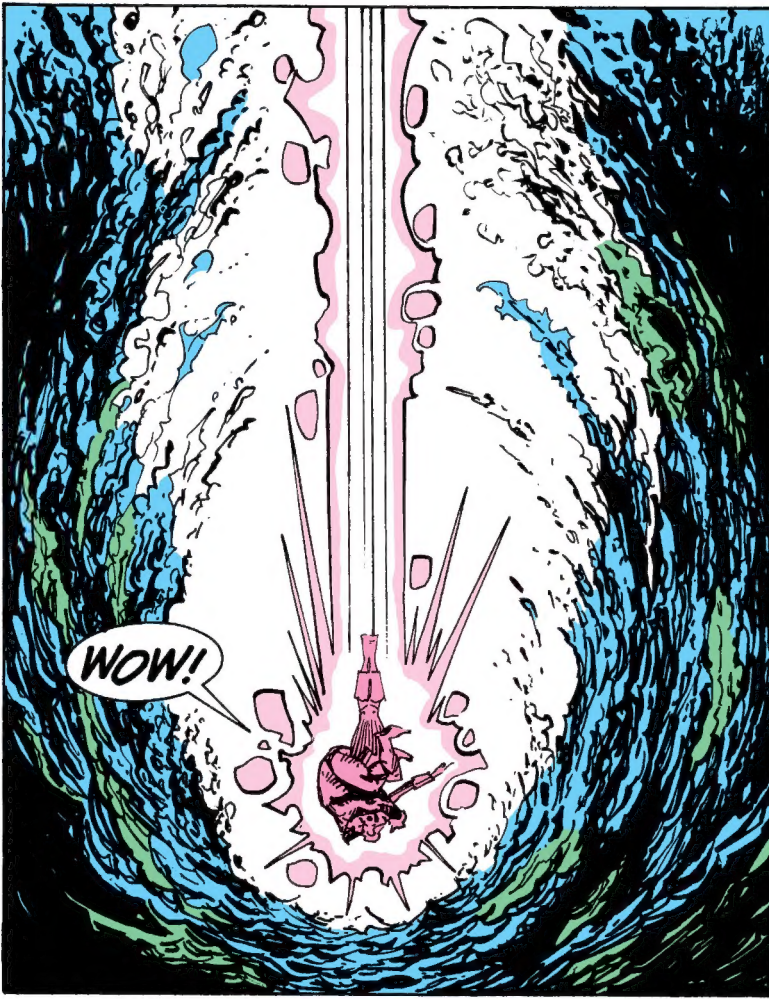


AND NOW,  
THOUGH  
WE ARE  
OVER  
WATER...

...NOT EVEN  
MY SUPER  
RESILIENT  
STRUCTURE  
WILL BE  
ABLE TO  
WITHSTAND  
OUR  
IMMINENT  
IMPACT...







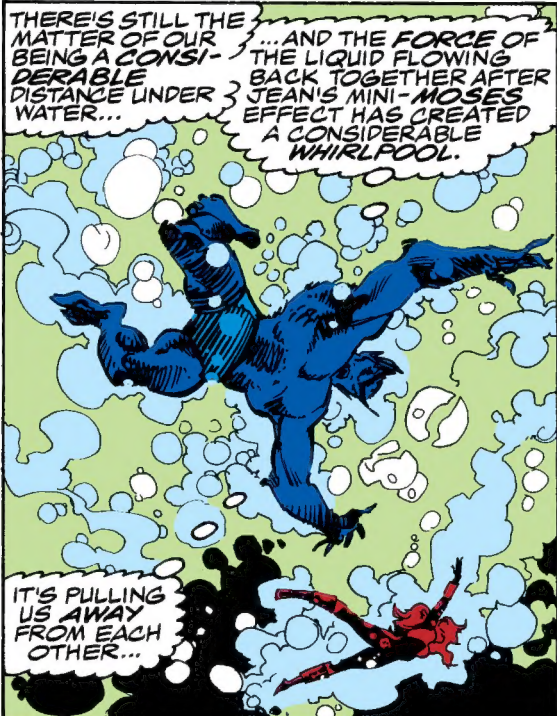
WOW!



SHE IS CONSCIOUS!

PERHAPS ONLY SUPERFICIALLY, BUT ENOUGH TO HAVE SAVED US...

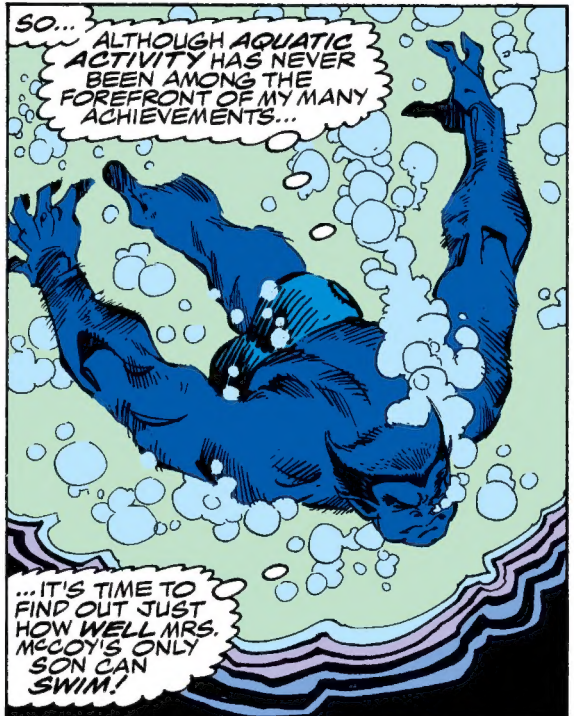
...OR AT LEAST STARTED TO.



THERE'S STILL THE MATTER OF OUR BEING A CONSIDERABLE DISTANCE UNDER WATER...

...AND THE FORCE OF THE LIQUID FLOWING BACK TOGETHER AFTER JEAN'S MINI-MOSES EFFECT HAS CREATED A CONSIDERABLE WHIRLPOOL.

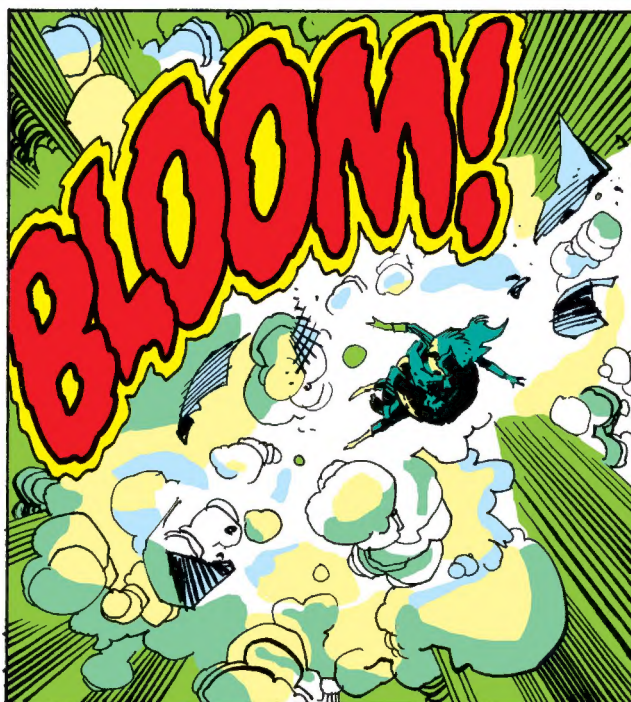
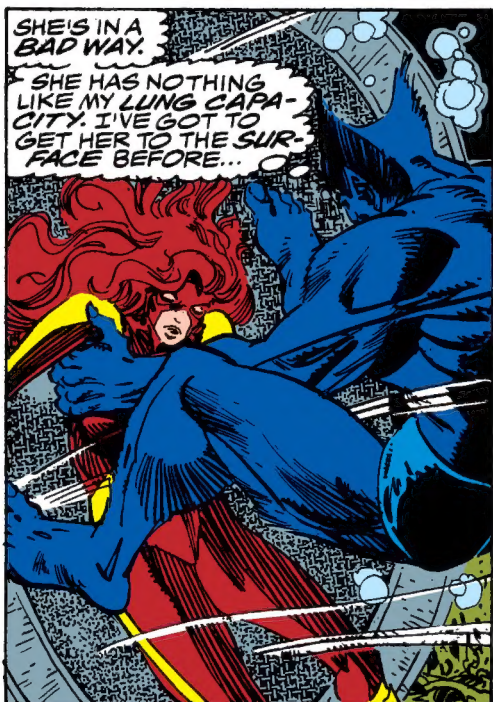
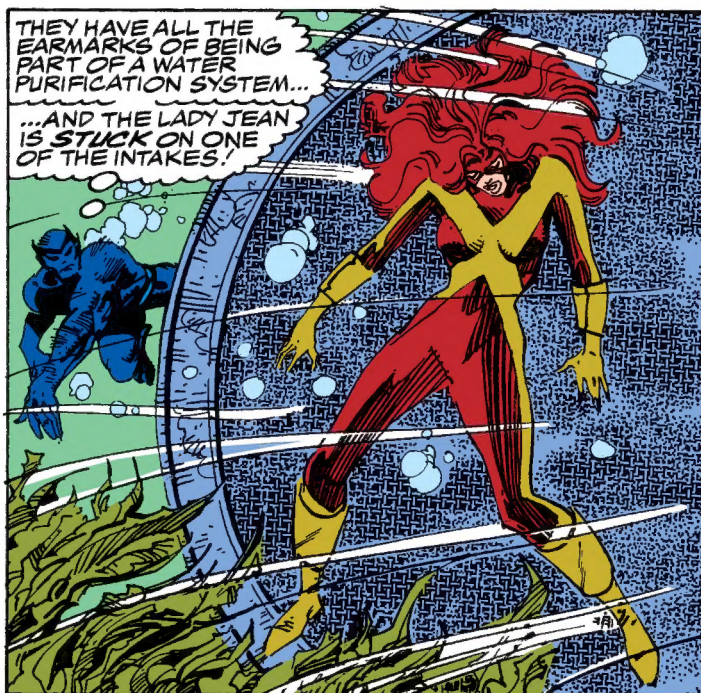
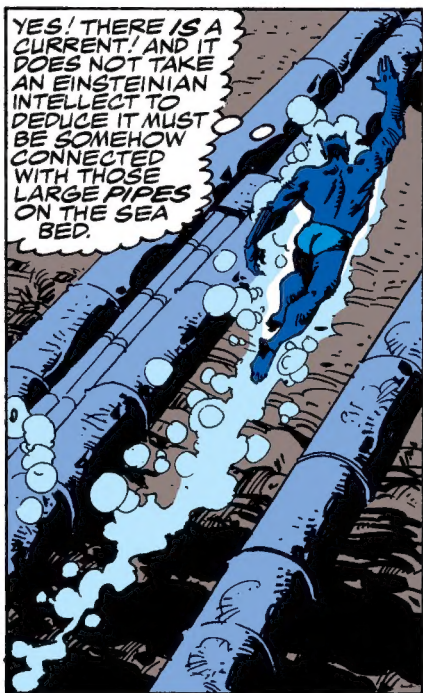
IT'S PULLING US AWAY FROM EACH OTHER...



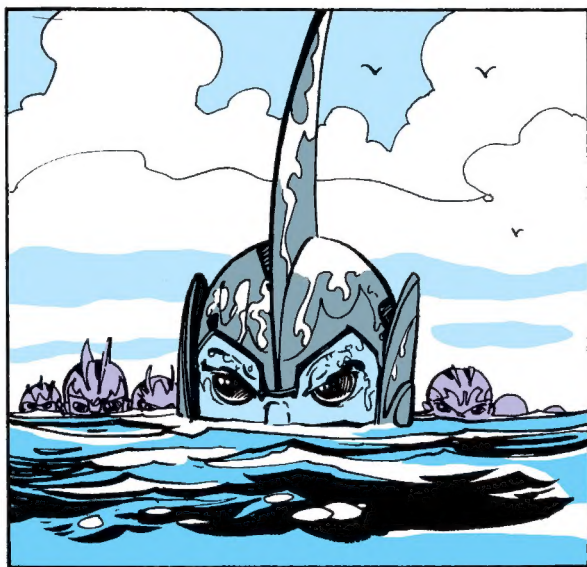
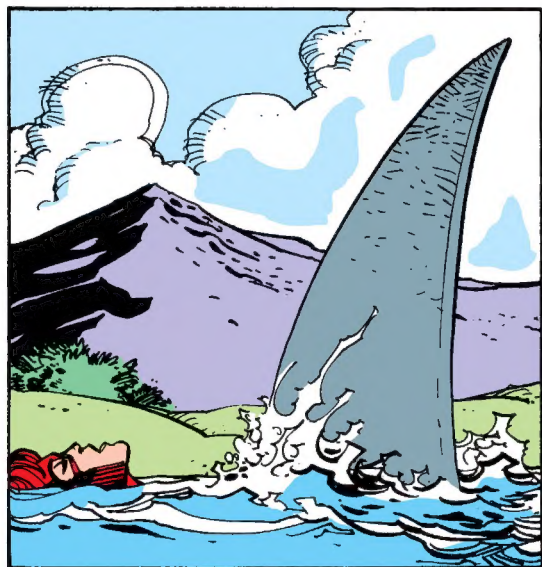
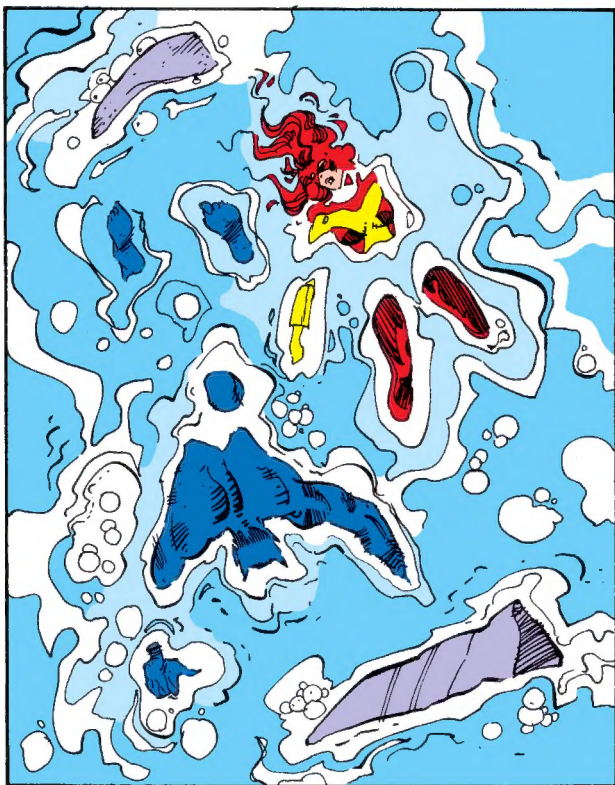
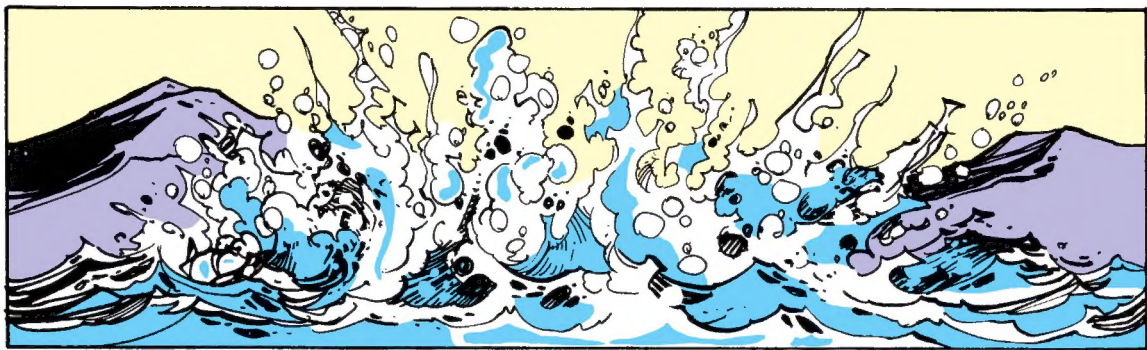
SO... ALTHOUGH AQUATIC ACTIVITY HAS NEVER BEEN AMONG THE FOREFRONT OF MY MANY ACHIEVEMENTS...

...IT'S TIME TO FIND OUT JUST HOW WELL MRS. MCCOY'S ONLY SON CAN SWIM!

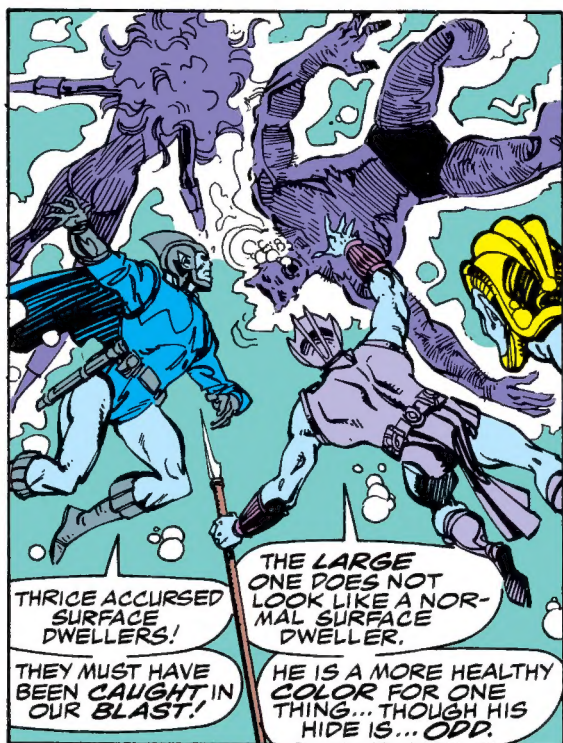










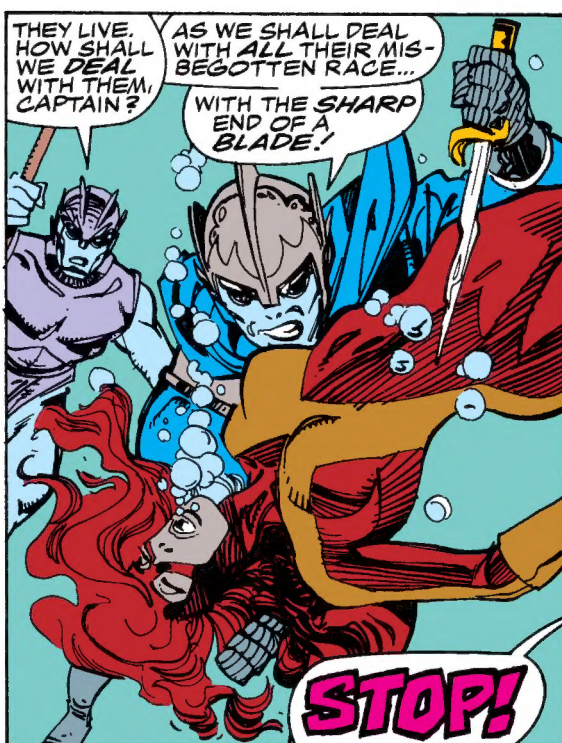


THRICE ACCURSED  
SURFACE  
DWELLERS!

THEY MUST HAVE  
BEEN CAUGHT IN  
OUR BLAST!

THE LARGE  
ONE DOES NOT  
LOOK LIKE A NOR-  
MAL SURFACE  
DWELLER.

HE IS A MORE HEALTHY  
COLOR FOR ONE  
THING... THOUGH HIS  
HIDE IS... ODD.



THEY LIVE.  
HOW SHALL  
WE DEAL  
WITH THEM,  
CAPTAIN?

AS WE SHALL DEAL  
WITH ALL THEIR MIS-  
BEGOTTEN RACE...

WITH THE SHARP  
END OF A  
BLADE!

**STOP!**

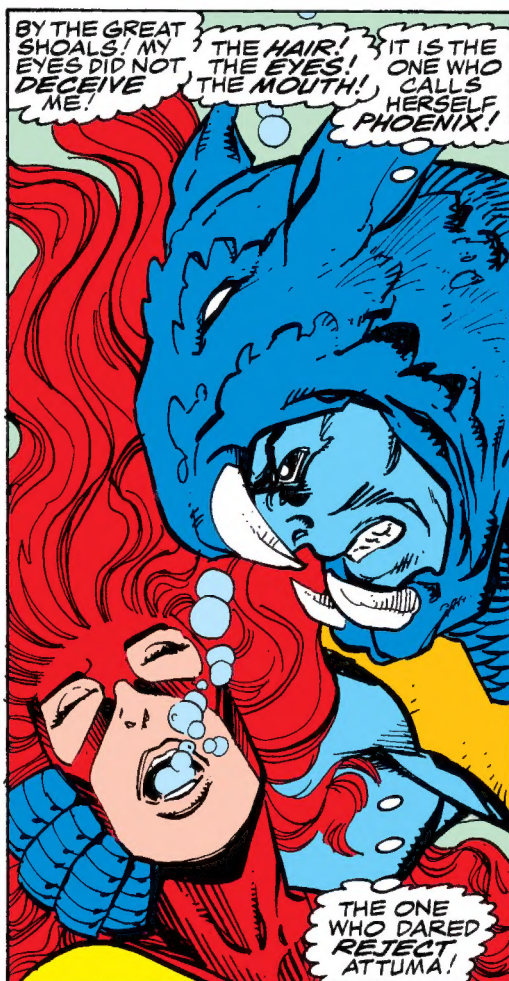


MY LORD ATTUMA!

I WAS ABOUT TO  
DISPATCH THESE  
INTERFERING  
AIR-BREATHERS!

YOUR INTENT WAS  
PROPER, CAPTAIN...

BUT I WOULD  
HAVE A CLOSER  
LOOK AT THAT  
FEMALE BEFORE  
HER BLOOD  
COLORS THESE  
WATERS.



BY THE GREAT  
SHOALS! MY  
EYES DID NOT  
DECEIVE  
ME!

THE HAIR!  
THE EYES!  
THE MOUTH!

IT IS THE  
ONE WHO  
CALLS  
HERSELF  
PHOENIX!

THE ONE  
WHO DARED  
REJECT  
ATTUMA!



WHEN FIRST I LEARNED OF THE POWER OF THIS AIR-BREATHING FEMALE I SAW IN HER THE CHANCE TO SIRE OFFSPRING WHICH WOULD BE MIGHTIER THAN THE HALF-BREED NAMOR, MY GREATEST FOE.\*

BUT HER POWER PROVED EVEN GREATER THAN I HAD ANTICIPATED.

SHE REJECTED ME... BESTED ME...

\* SEE BIZARRE ADVENTURES # 27!

AND NOW THE GODS OF ATLANTIS AND THE SEVEN SEAS HAVE SEEN FIT TO DELIVER HER BACK TO ME...

HELPLESS!

UNABLE THIS TIME TO THWART MY DESIRES!

CAPTAIN, CONTINUE WITH THE ASSAULT ON THE SURFACE DWELLERS' WATER POISONING PLANT!

I SHALL BE... INTERROGATING THIS PRISONER ELSEWHERE.

AS YOU WISH, MY LORD ATTUMA.

BUT WHAT OF THE BLUE ONE?

IF IT STILL LIVES... KILL IT!



TURN BACK THE CLOCK  
ONE HOUR...

AND LOOK A DOZEN  
MILES EAST ACROSS  
THE ROLLING OCEAN  
FLOOR...

MY LADY  
ANDROM-  
EDA!

INFILTRATOR...  
REPORT.

ALL IS AS WE  
HAD HEARD,  
MY LADY.

YOUR  
FATHER  
IS EVEN NOW  
LEADING AN  
ASSAULT AGAINST  
ONE OF THE SUR-  
FACE DWELLERS'  
WATER PURIFICA-  
TION PLANTS.

WHAT HE CALLS "WATER-  
POISONING," YES.

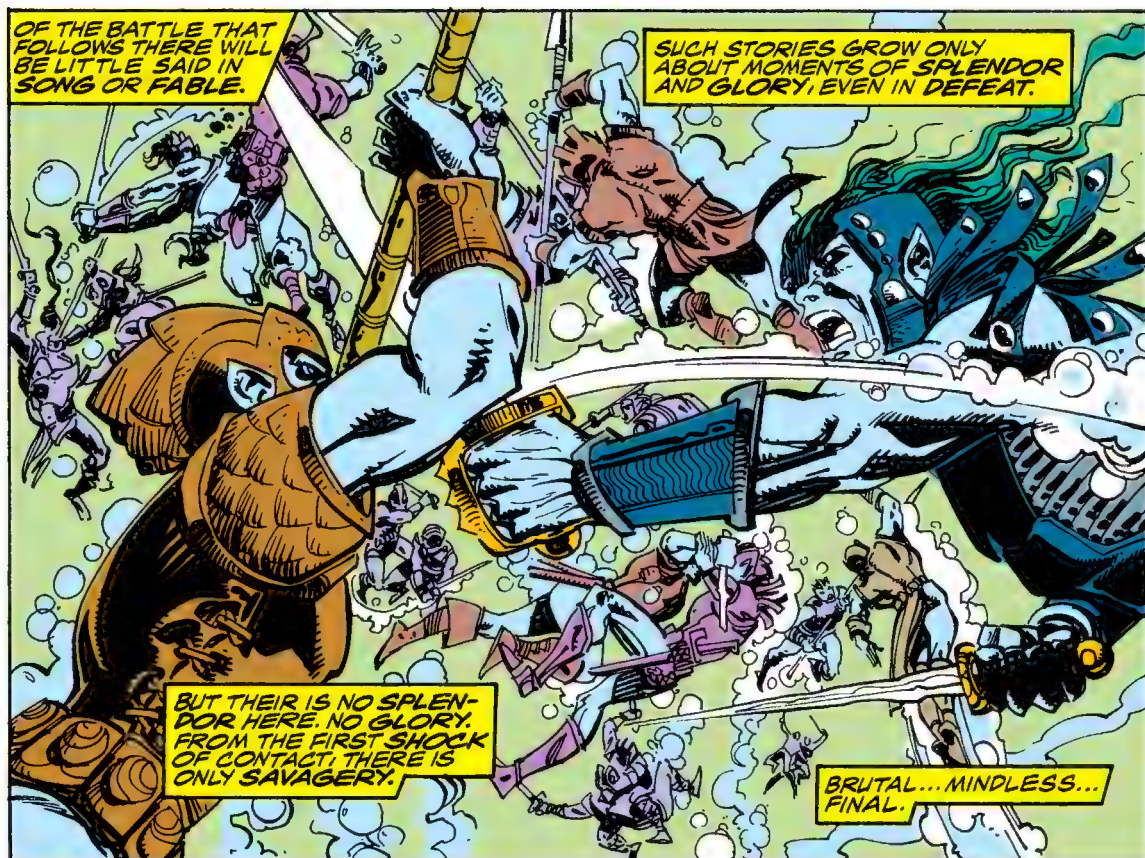
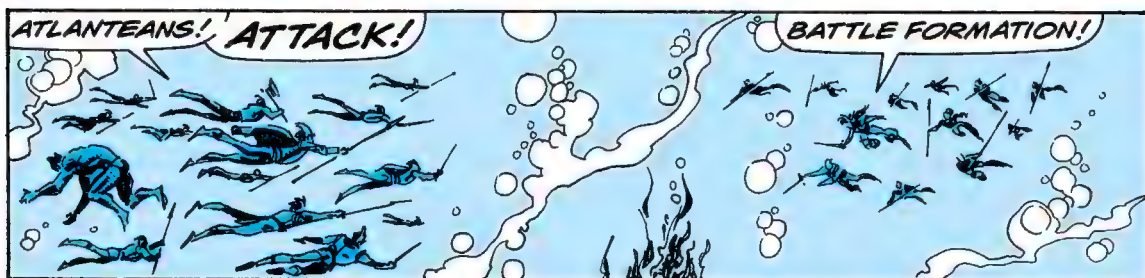
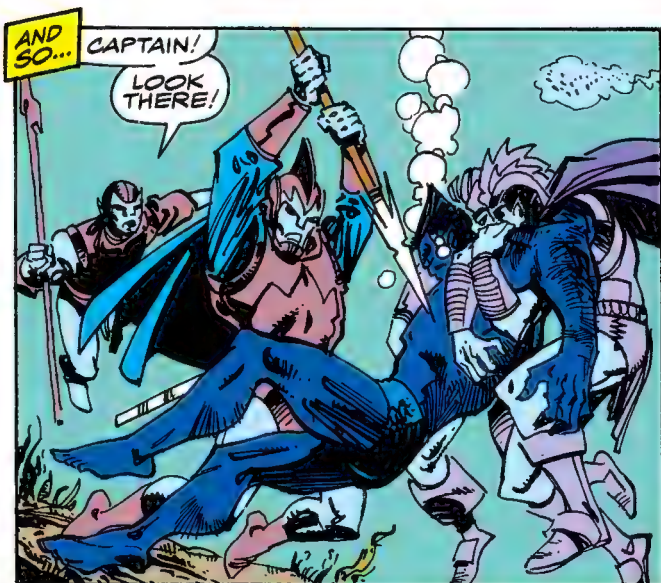
THE SURFACE DWELLERS DO NOT SEEM  
TO UNDERSTAND THAT THE WATER THEY  
STRIP OF ALL ITS NATURAL ELEMENTS  
IS LETHAL TO CREATURES OF THE SEA.

STILL, THAT IS A  
MATTER FOR  
DIPLOMATS TO  
PONDER, NOT  
WARRIORS.

FOLLOW ME,  
MY REBELS.

NOW THAT WE  
KNOW WHERE MY  
FATHER IS, WE CAN  
BRING OUR BATTLE  
TO HIM!







AND, AS DARK ATLANTEAN BLOOD STAINS THE SEA, JUST BEYOND THE RAGGED BOUNDARIES OF THE CONFLICT...

UHHH...

LOOKS LIKE I WASN'T JUST HALLUCINATING.

THE SEA IS AS FULL OF ATLANTEANS AS MY LUNGS ARE EMPTY OF AIR.

THEY DON'T SEEM INTERESTED IN ME ANY MORE.

"TIME TO PRACTICE THE BETTER PART OF VALOR..."

MY LADY ANDROMEDA, THERE IS NO SIGN OF YOUR FATHER IN THESE BARBARIAN HORDES.

BUT OUR PICKETS REPORT A LARGE FORM SEEN MOVING TOWARD THE SHORELINE.

ATTUMA, NO DOUBT.

LEAVING HIS TROOPS TO FACE US WHILE HE MAKES GOOD HIS ESCAPE.

CONTINUE WITH THE OFFENSIVE.

I WILL FOLLOW MY FATHER.

AS YOU WISH.

TAKE CARE, MY LADY!

HUHHUNHHHHUNH!!

OH, NEVER WAS A TIME WHEN ORDINARY AIR COULD TASTE SO SWEET!

I'M POSITIVELY RHAPSODIC...

BUT I'M ALSO ALONE.

WHERE IS...

HOLD!

SHUK!





ANDROMEDA!  
BUT... BUT  
YOU'RE DEAD!  
I SAW YOUR  
BODY REDUCED  
TO ASHES.\*

HOW CAN  
YOU BE  
HERE...  
UNLESS  
I'M  
DEAD  
TOO ??

THAT YOU ARE NOT, MY  
ERSTWHILE PARTNER.

BUT THE STORY OF  
MY RESURRECTION  
MUST WAIT. I PUR-  
SUED YOU ONLY BE-  
CAUSE I TOOK YOU  
FOR MY FATHER,  
ATTUMA.



ATTUMA IS YOUR  
FATHER? BUT...

WAIT A MINUTE!  
ATTUMA?

OH, MY STARS  
AND GARTERS!

THAT PROVIDES A MOST  
DISHEARTENING  
EXPLANATION OF THE  
ABSENCE OF JEAN!

I'VE GOT  
TO...



HOLD AGAIN!  
BLUE ONE!  
ALLIES WE  
ONCE WERE...

...BUT YOU GO  
NOWHERE  
UNTIL I AM  
SATISFIED YOU  
ARE NOT PART  
OF MY FA-  
THER'S PLANS...

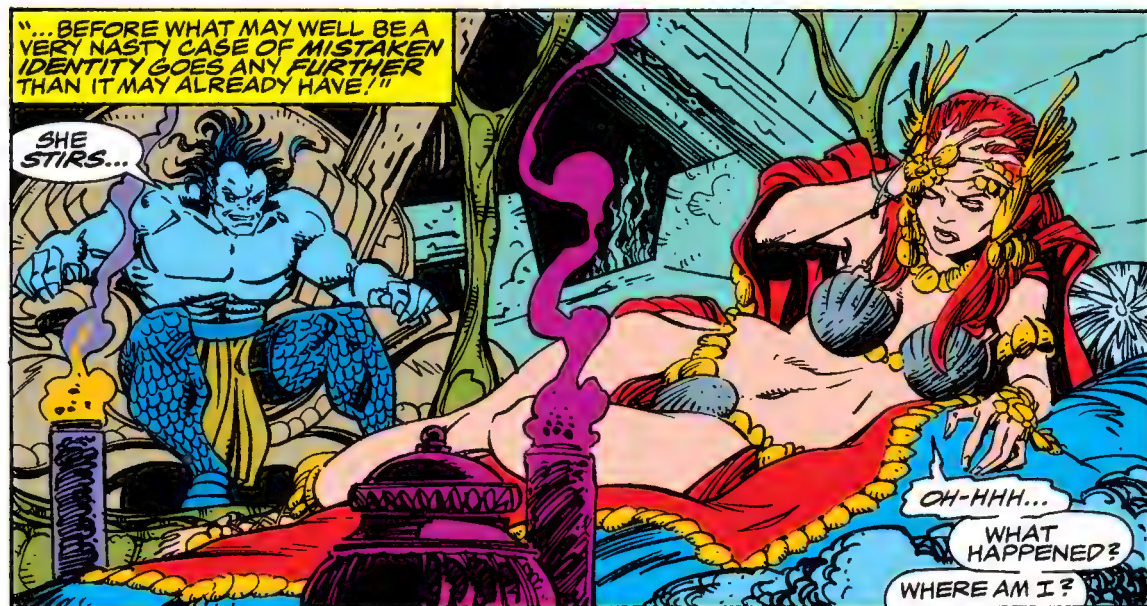
EEP!



YOU MAY REST  
ASSURED THAT  
I AM NOT,  
ANDROMEDA...

IT'S EVIDENT YOU WANT  
TO STOP YOUR FATHER.  
SO, I SUSPECT,  
DO I...

YOU MAY ALSO PUT ASIDE  
THAT BLADE. I THINK IT  
LIKELY WE ARE ON MORE  
OR LESS THE SAME SIDE  
ONCE AGAIN.



"...BEFORE WHAT MAY WELL BE A  
VERY NASTY CASE OF MISTAKEN  
IDENTITY GOES ANY FURTHER  
THAN IT MAY ALREADY HAVE!"

SHE  
STIRS...

OH-HHH...

WHAT  
HAPPENED?

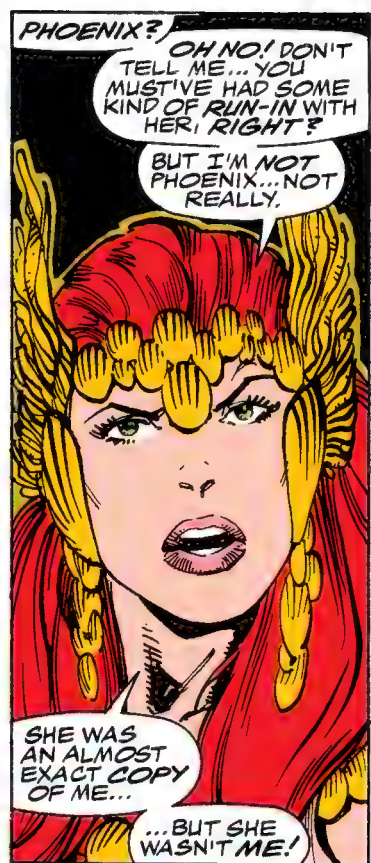
WHERE AM I?





YOU ARE SAFE...  
...FOR THE PRESENT.

YOU ARE IN THE PRESENCE OF ATTUMA, PHOENIX...  
AND BEFORE THE DAY IS OUT YOU SHALL LEARN TO CALL ME MASTER!

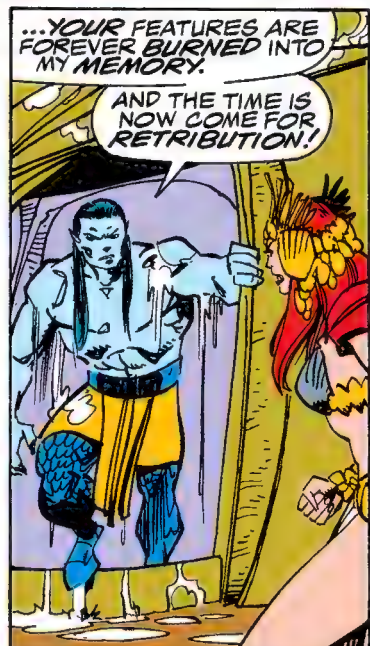


PHOENIX?  
OH NO! DON'T TELL ME... YOU MUST'VE HAD SOME KIND OF RUN-IN WITH HER, RIGHT?  
BUT I'M NOT PHOENIX... NOT REALLY.

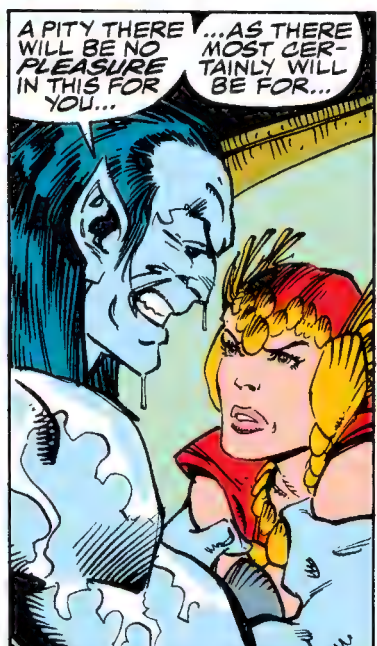
SHE WAS AN ALMOST EXACT COPY OF ME...  
...BUT SHE WASN'T ME!



THERE IS LITTLE POINT NOW IN DECEIT, PHOENIX.  
WHILE IT IS TRUE THE FACES OF YOU PINK-SKINNED HUMANS ALL BLUR INTO ONE FOR MOST ATLANTEANS...



...YOUR FEATURES ARE FOREVER BURNED INTO MY MEMORY.  
AND THE TIME IS NOW COME FOR RETRIBUTION!

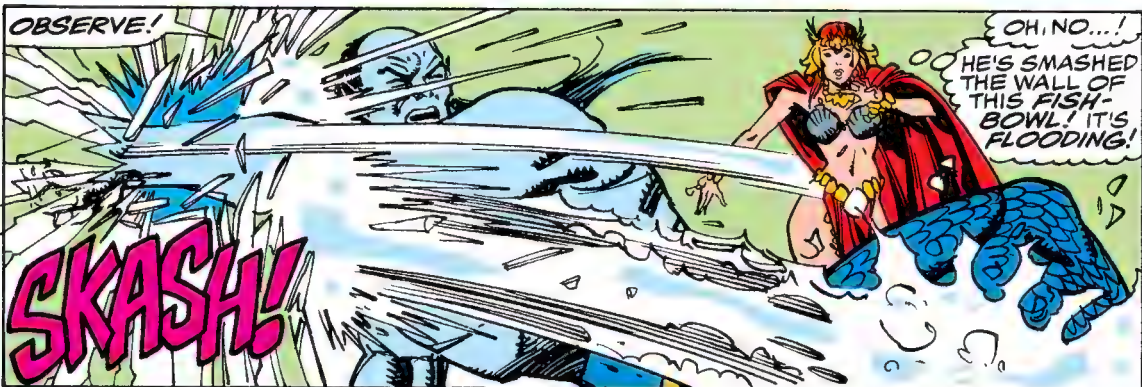
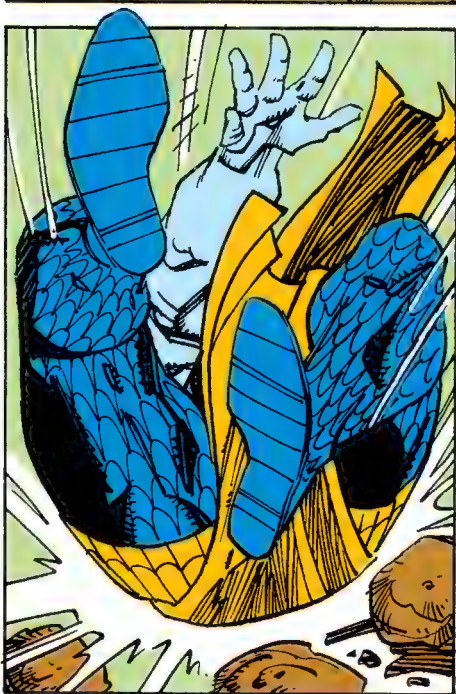
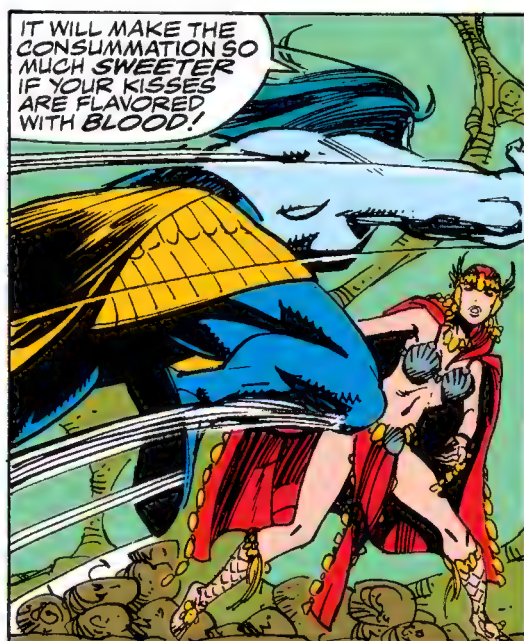
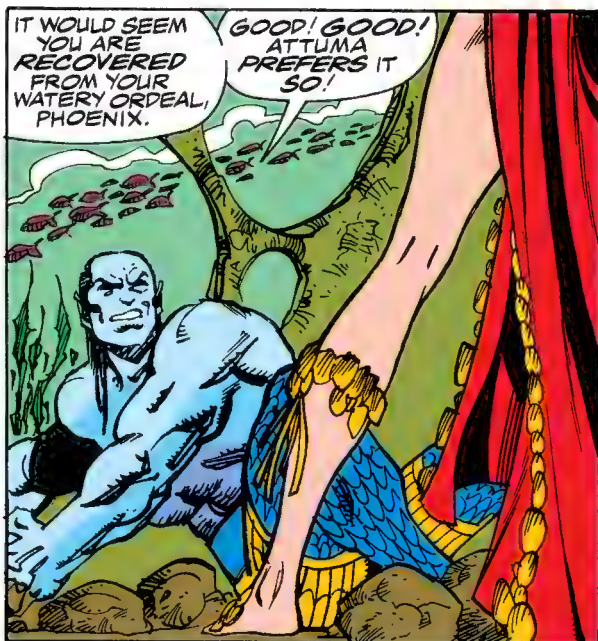


A PITY THERE WILL BE NO PLEASURE IN THIS FOR YOU...  
...AS THERE MOST CERTAINLY WILL BE FOR...



...MEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!







MEAN-  
WHILE...

**WHERE  
IS SHE  
!??!**

YOU SHOULD HAVE  
RELOCATED  
HER BY NOW.

EXPLAIN  
THIS DELAY!

THERE IS  
DIFFICULTY IN  
FOCUSING,  
MASTER.

WE HAVE  
NARROWED OUR  
SEARCH TO THE  
AREA THE SIXTH  
BRIDE MUST HAVE  
FALLEN...

...BUT THERE ARE  
DOZENS OF  
LIFE FORMS  
THERE NOW.

ANOTHER...?

SHOW HER  
TO ME.

INCLUDING  
ANOTHER  
FEMALE.

HMMMM...

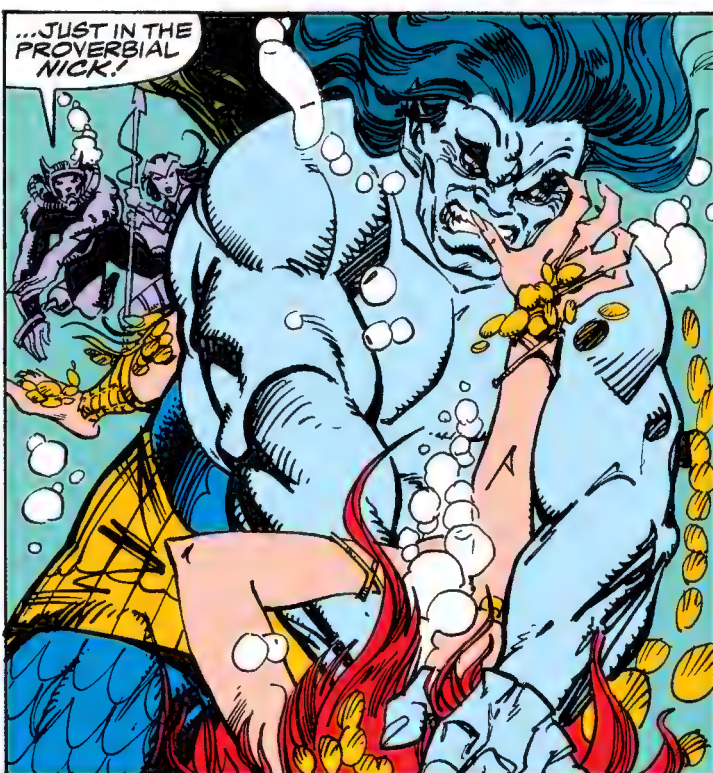
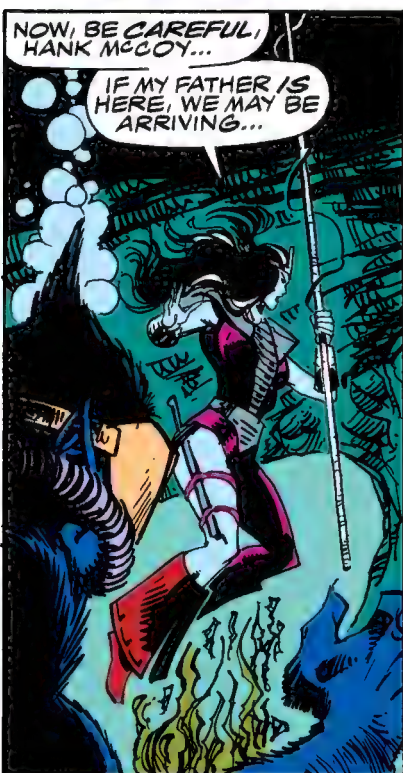
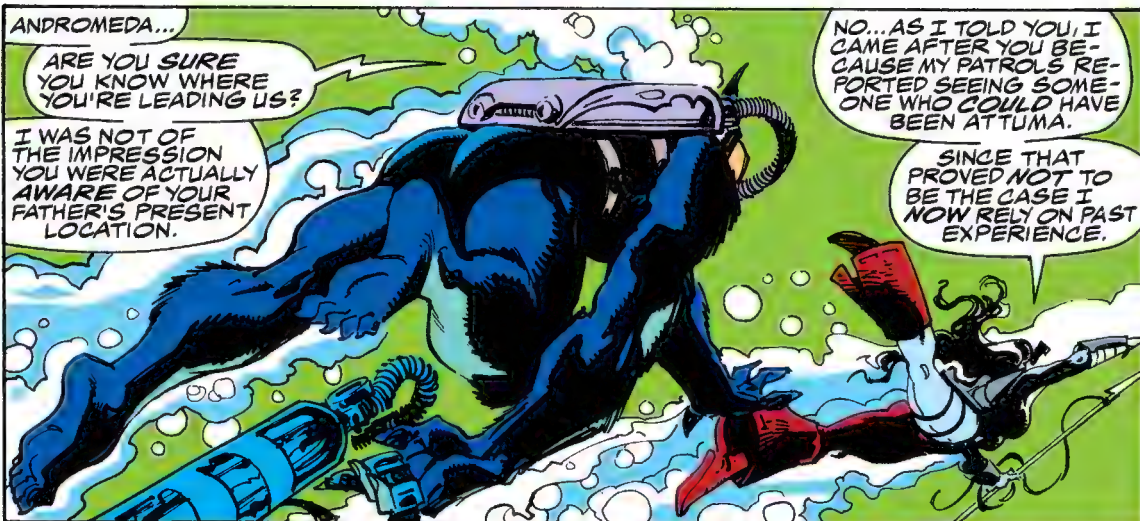
ANDROMEDA.

OF COURSE.

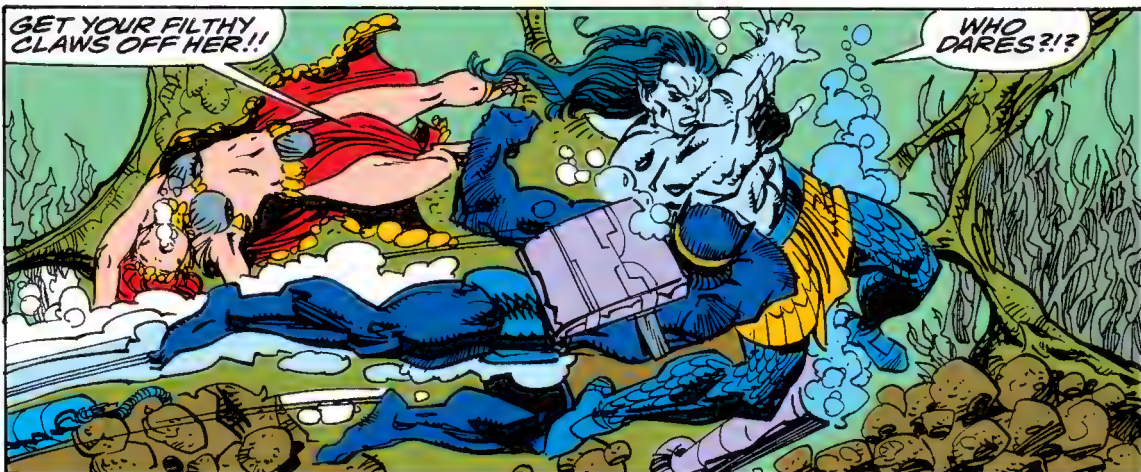
YES.

TAKE  
HER!







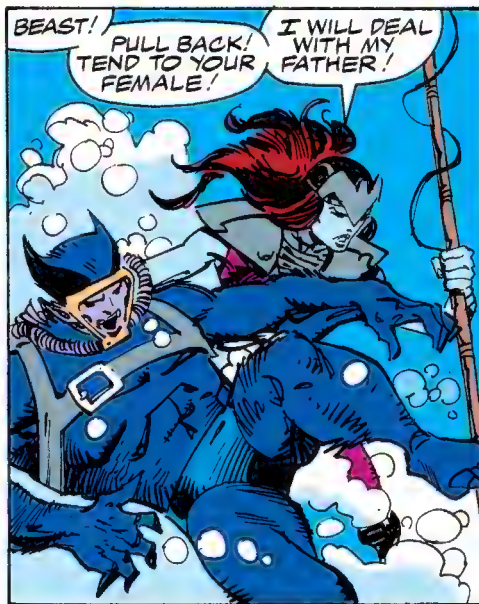


GET YOUR FILTHY CLAWS OFF HER!!

WHO DARES?!?

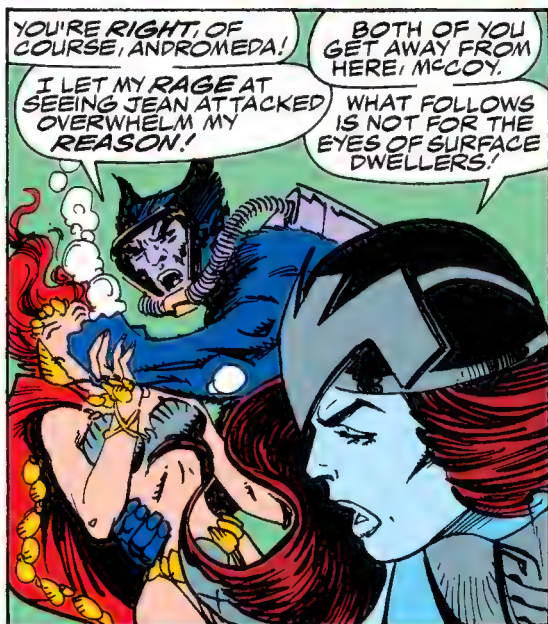


UGH! THIS IS... NOT GOING GREAT AS ATTUMA'S-- AS WELL AS I'D HOPED. BUT I'M BEING SLOWED DOWN BY THE RESISTANCE OF THE WATER AROUND US!



BEAST! PULL BACK! TEND TO YOUR FEMALE!

I WILL DEAL WITH MY FATHER!

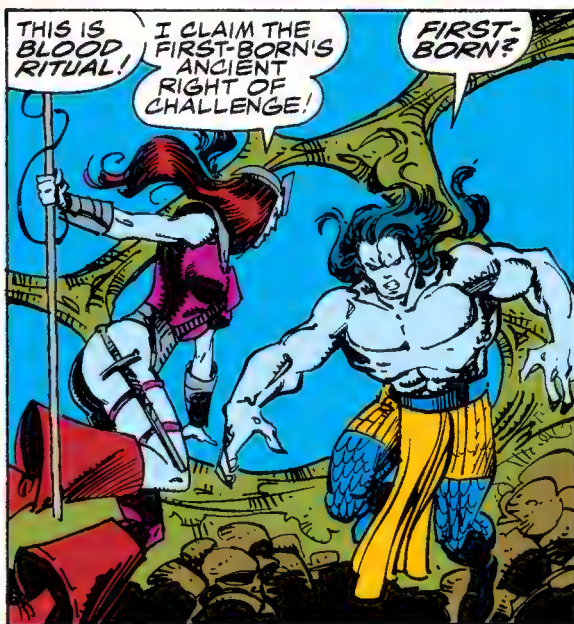


YOU'RE RIGHT, OF COURSE, ANDROMEDA!

I LET MY RAGE AT SEEING JEAN ATTACKED OVERWHELM MY REASON!

BOTH OF YOU GET AWAY FROM HERE, MCCOY.

WHAT FOLLOWS IS NOT FOR THE EYES OF SURFACE DWELLERS!

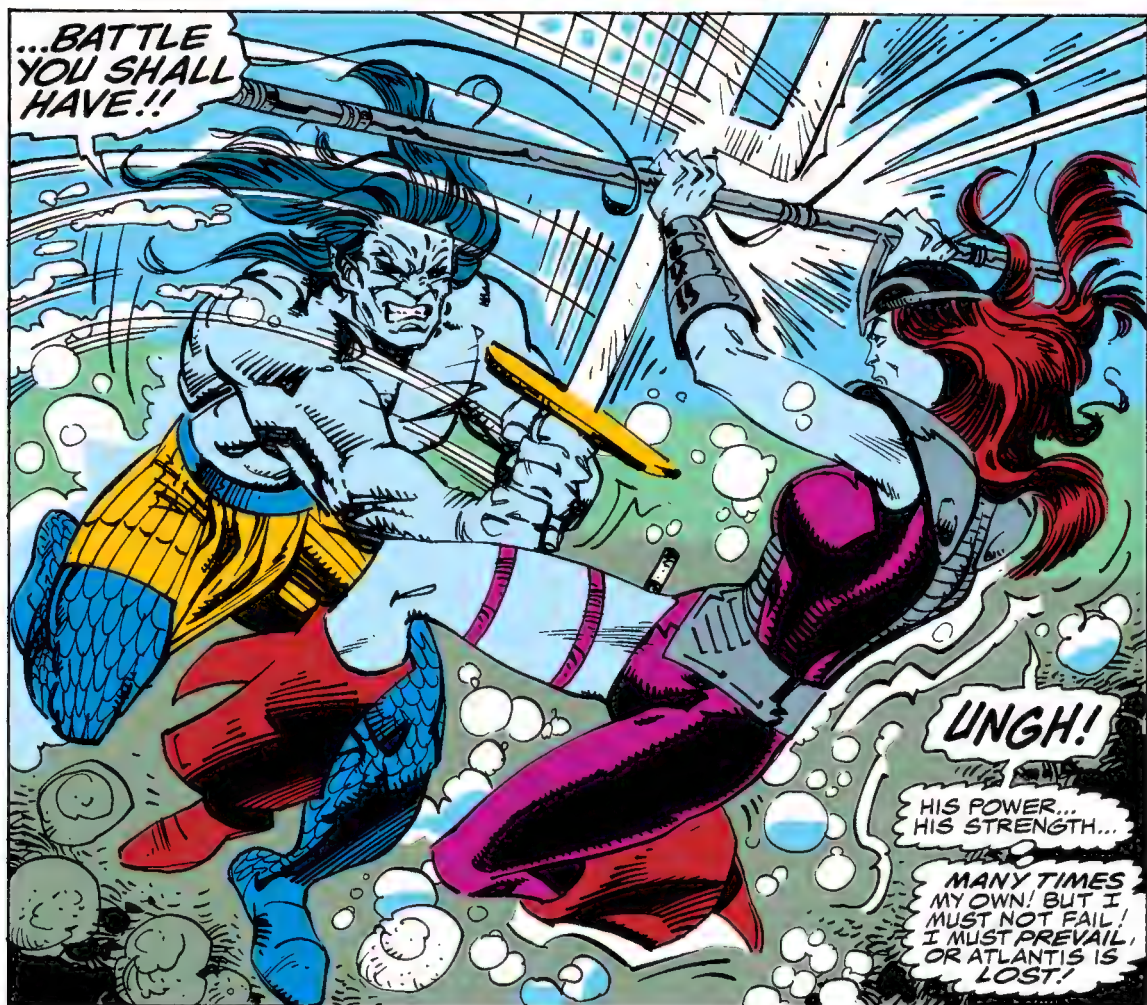
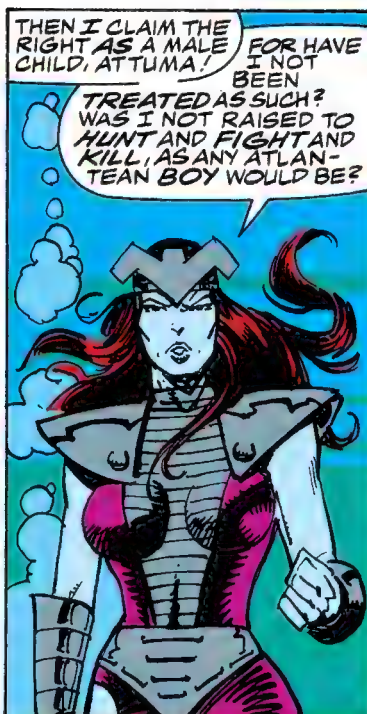


THIS IS BLOOD RITUAL!

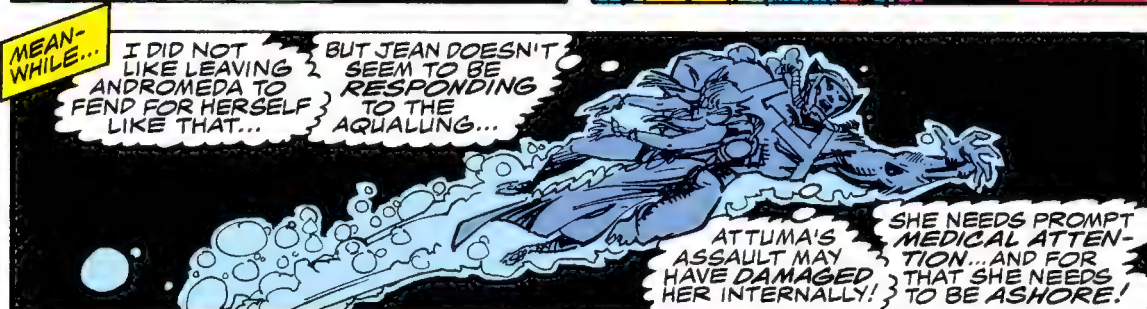
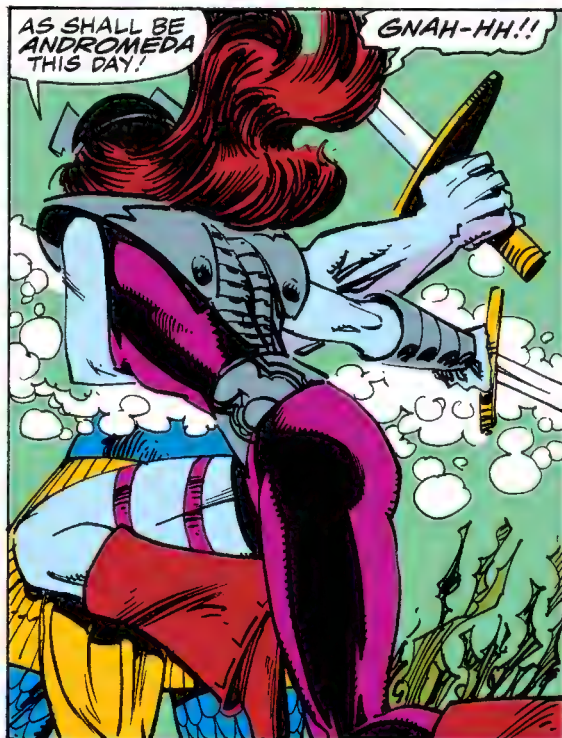
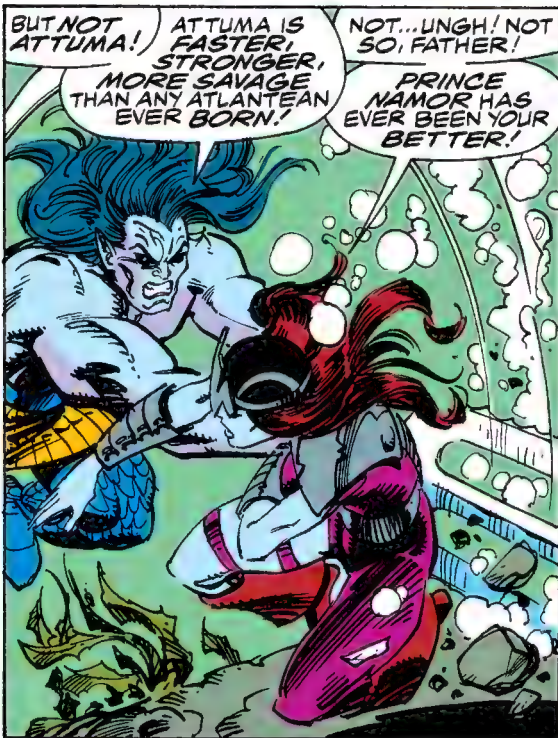
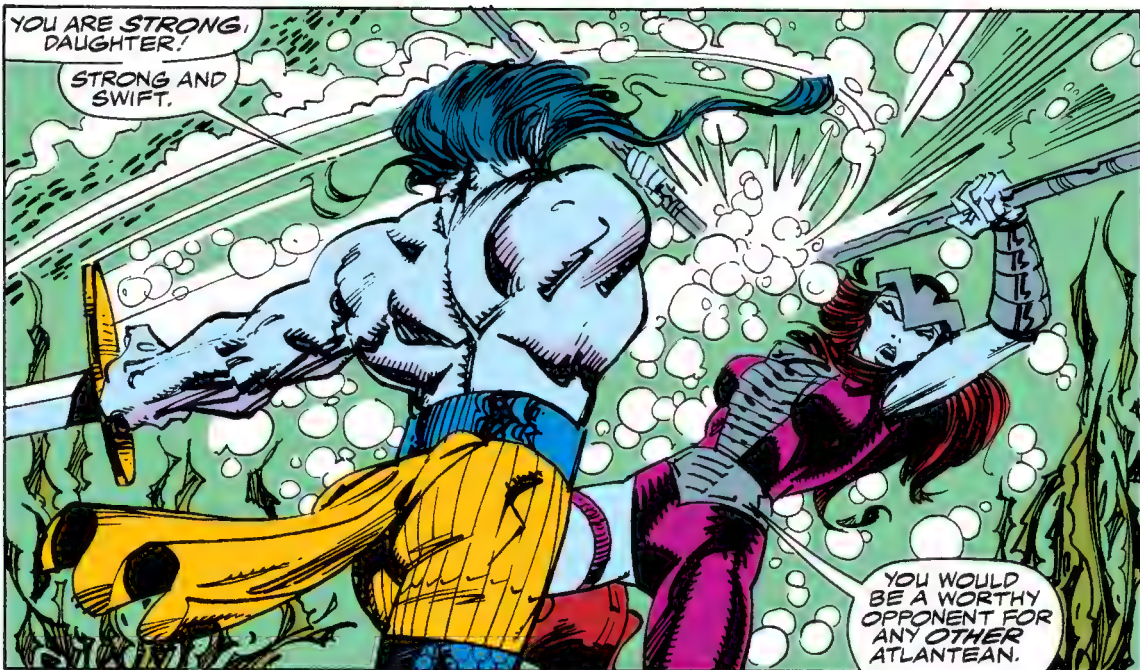
I CLAIM THE FIRST-BORN'S ANCIENT RIGHT OF CHALLENGE!

FIRST-BORN?

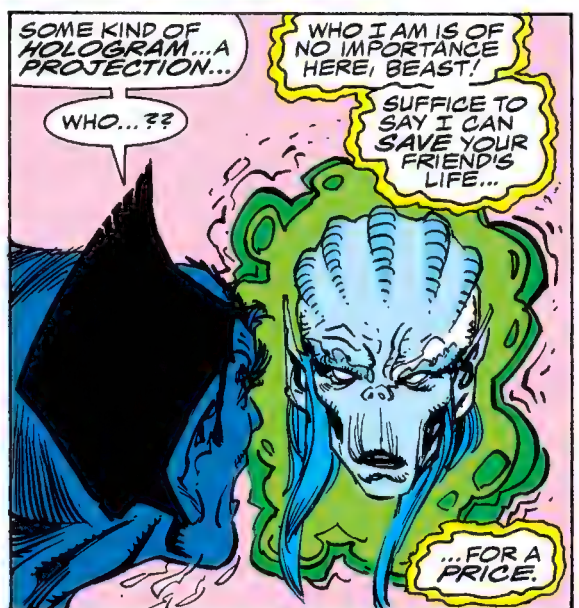
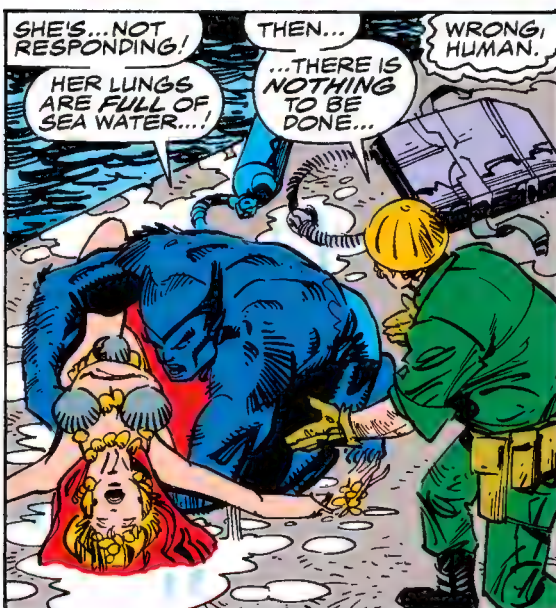
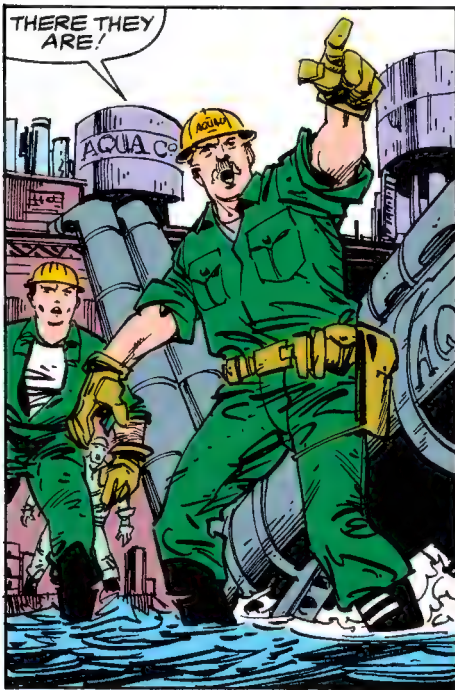














PRICE...??

NOW LISTEN HERE, MR. WHOEVER-YOU-ARE! IF YOU HAVE THE POWER TO SAVE MARVEL GIRL, JUST DO IT, AND DON'T WASTE MY TIME WITH STUPID GAMES!

ALL OF LIFE IS A GAME, BEAST!

AND IN THE GAME I NOW PLAY, YOUR FEMALE COMPANION IS A KEY PIECE!

IT WAS I WHO SNATCHED HER FROM YOUR FELLOWS!

YOUR ILL-TIMED INTERVENTION, RESTORE IT.

NOW I MEAN TO DISRUPTED MY PLAN, FOR A MOMENT.

I WILL SAVE HER LIFE--SHE IS OF NO USE TO ME DEAD--IF YOU WILL SWEAR NOT TO INTERFERE AGAIN.

IF YOU WILL STAND ASIDE AND LET ME TAKE HER.

WHAT...?!?

ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR CORRUGATED MIND? I JUST RISKED MY LIFE TO SAVE HER FROM YOU--EVEN THOUGH I DIDN'T KNOW IT AT THE TIME...

NOW YOU EXPECT ME TO TURN HER OVER WITHOUT ARGUMENT?

WHAT IS YOUR CHOICE, BEAST?

THERE ARE NO FACILITIES HERE TO SAVE HER.

KEEP HER FROM ME, AND SHE DIES, AS SURELY AS IF YOU SLEW HER WITH YOUR OWN HAND.

GIVE HER TO ME...

...AND YOU GRANT HER AT LEAST THE HOPE OF LIFE.

WHAT CAN I DO?

I CAN'T JUST LET THIS TOTAL STRANGER TAKE JEAN...

NOT WITHOUT KNOWING WHAT HE WANTS HER FOR...

YET EVERY SECOND I DELAY BRINGS HER CLOSER TO DEATH!

AND HE SAYS HE NEEDS HER ALIVE, WHATEVER HIS PURPOSE.

WHAT CAN I DO?

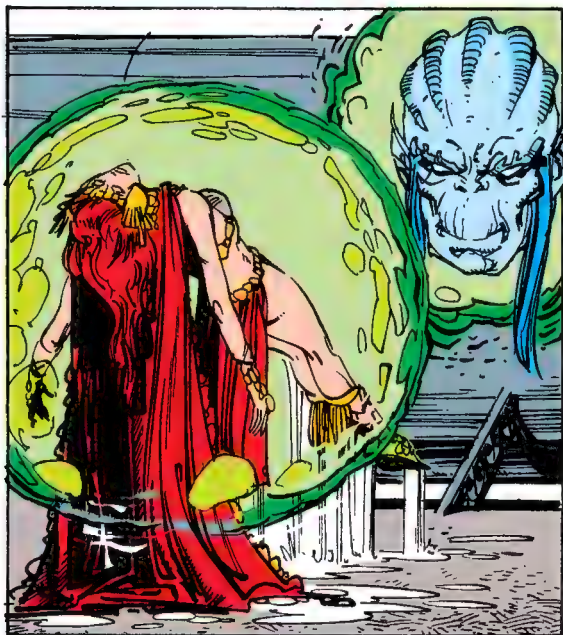
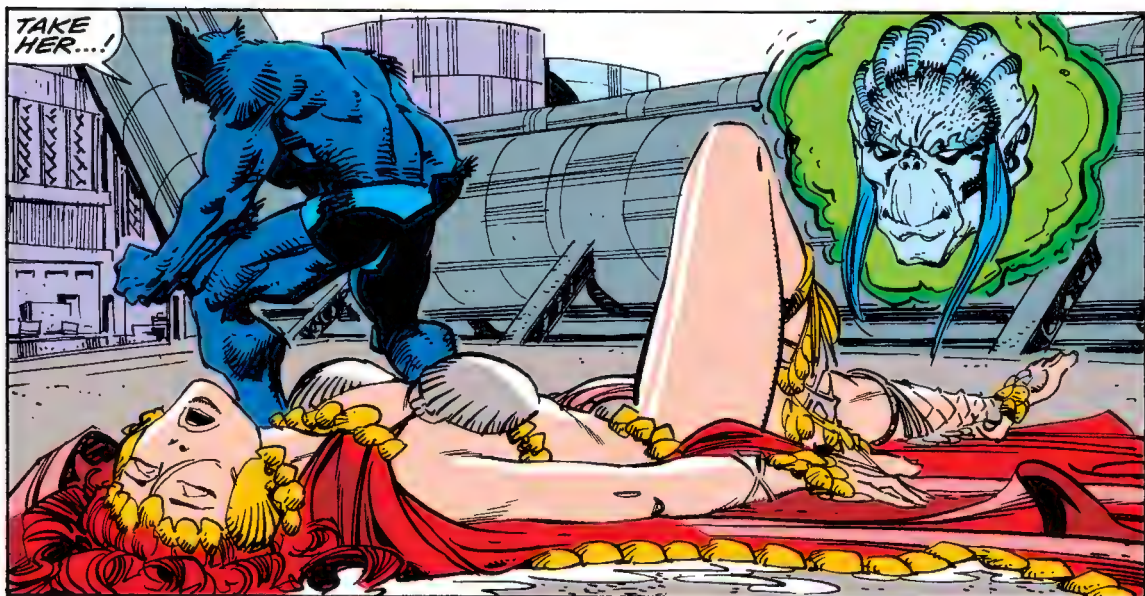
WHAT?

WHAT??

WELL, BEAST?

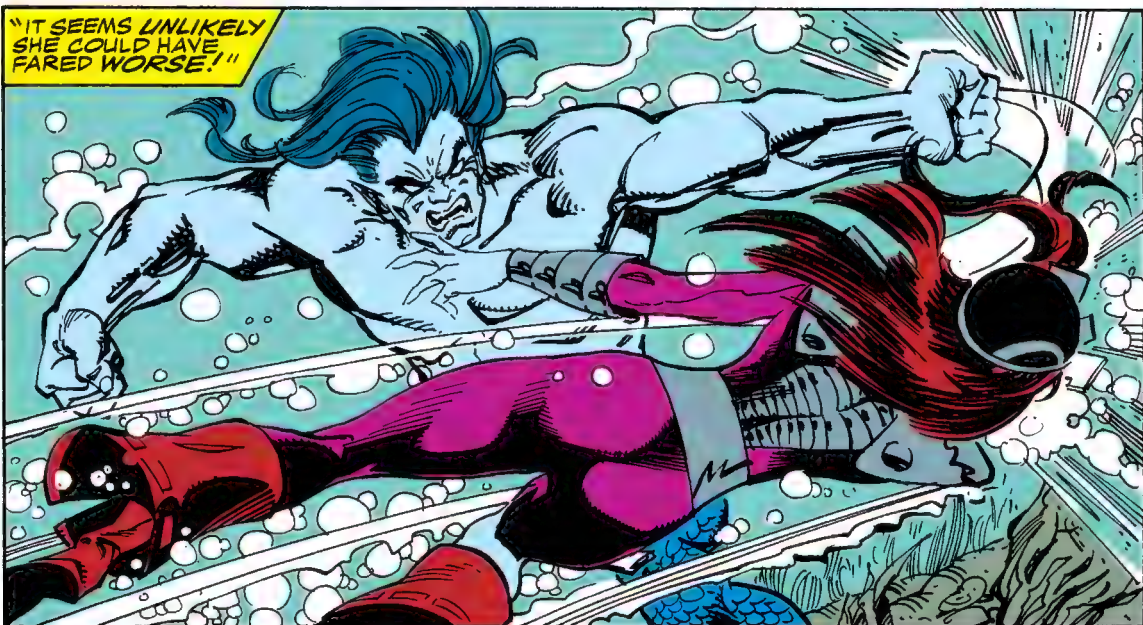
TIME RUNS OUT...







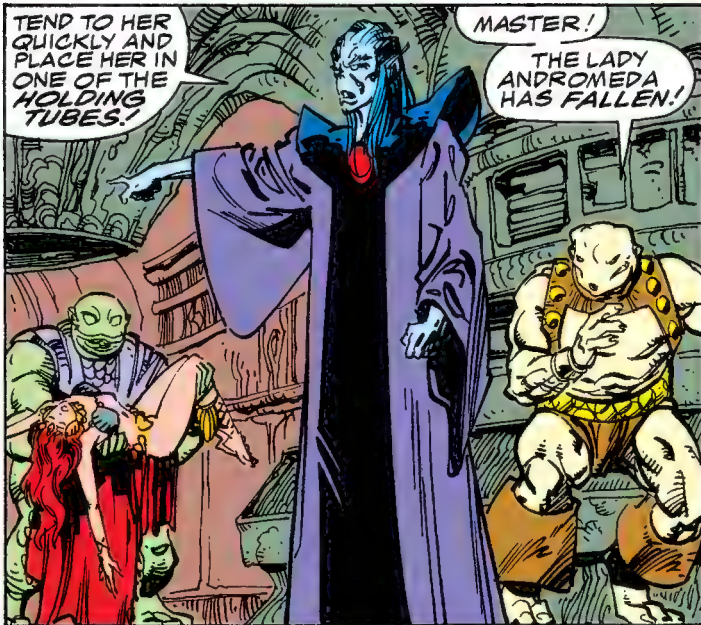
"IT SEEMS UNLIKELY SHE COULD HAVE FARED WORSE!"



TEND TO HER QUICKLY AND PLACE HER IN ONE OF THE HOLDING TUBES!

MASTER!

THE LADY ANDROMEDA HAS FALLEN!

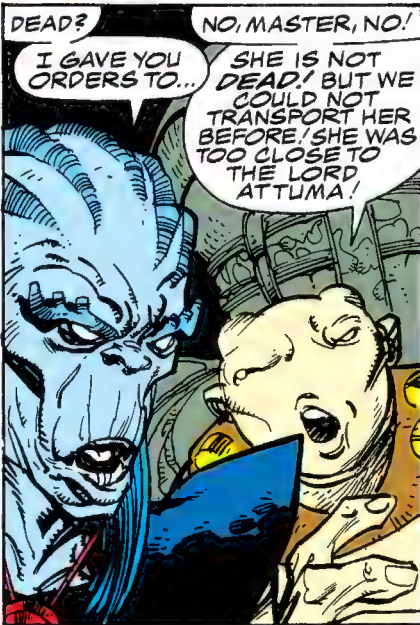


DEAD?

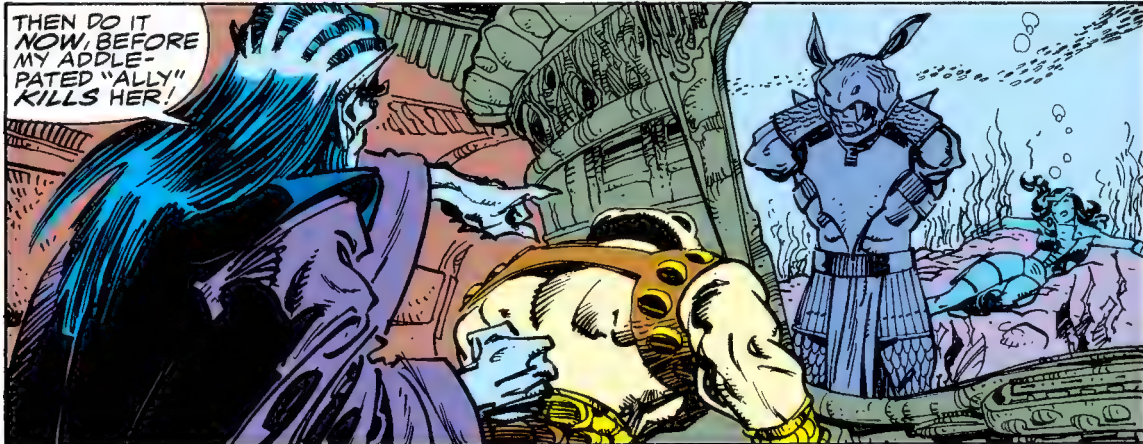
I GAVE YOU ORDERS TO...

NO, MASTER, NO!

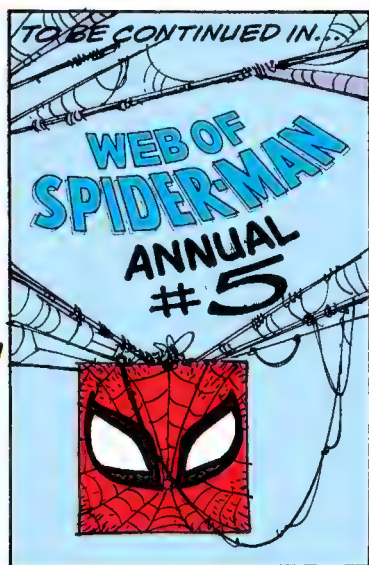
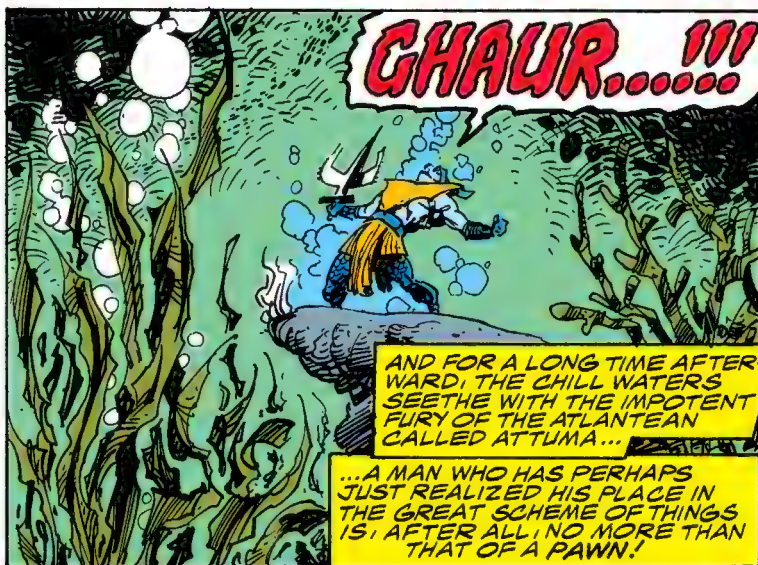
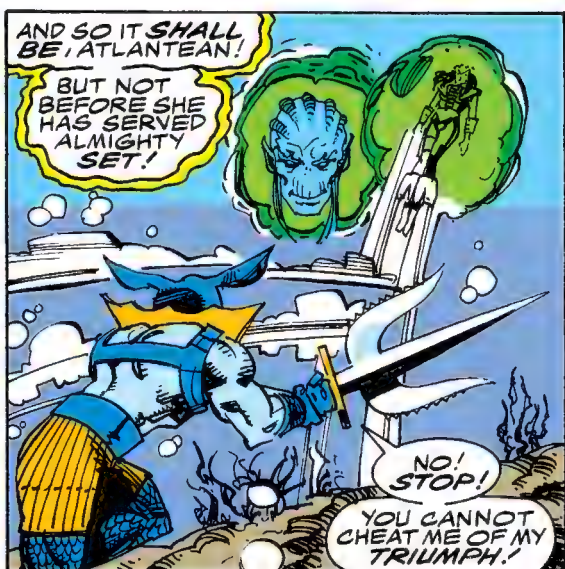
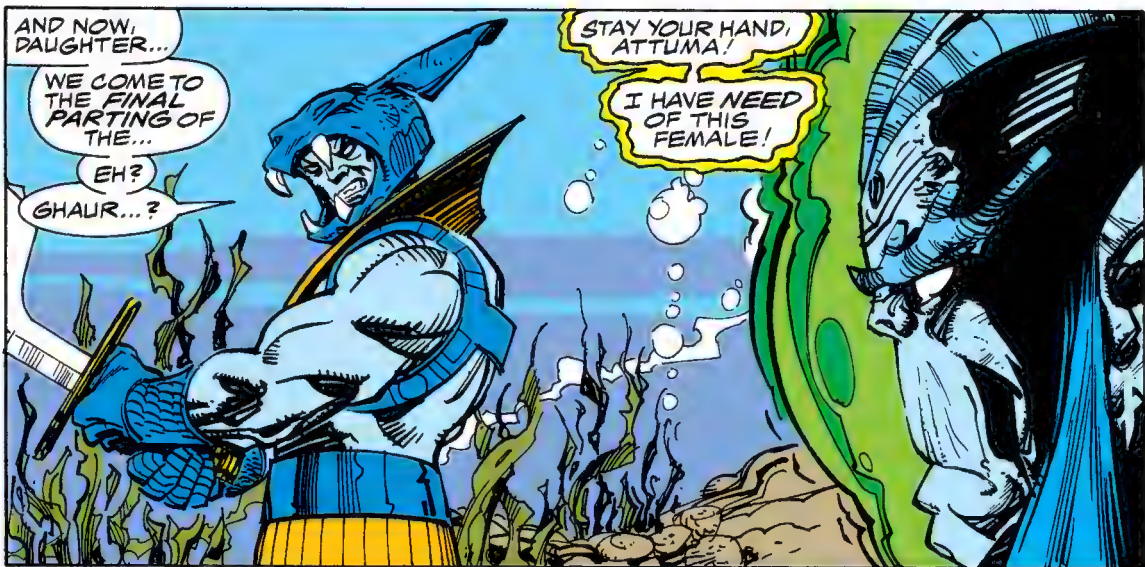
SHE IS NOT DEAD! BUT WE COULD NOT TRANSPORT HER BEFORE! SHE WAS TOO CLOSE TO THE LORD ATTUMA!



THEN DO IT NOW, BEFORE MY ADDLE-PATED "ALLY" KILLS HER!









# INFERNO AFTERMATH

LAST NIGHT MANHATTAN WENT CRAZY. DEMONS SWARMING THE SKIES, MUTANTS POPPING OUT OF THE WOODWORK, SHARKS CRUISING LINCOLN TUNNEL, OR SO READ THE REPORTS.

THAT'S NOT ALL. MAILBOXES CAME ALIVE. ELEVATORS ATE PEOPLE. A GIANT RING OF FIRE APPEARED OVER CENTRAL PARK.

AND STILL MORE. THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING GREW TWICE ITS HEIGHT. SUBWAYS TURNED INTO SNAKES, AND PEOPLE TRANSFORMED INTO EIGHTEEN DIFFERENT KINDS OF MONSTERS, BY THE LATEST COUNT.



WHATEVER REALLY HAPPENED, IT WAS A NIGHT OF RIOTING AND LOOTING AND PANIC IN THE STREETS. DAMAGES ARE ESTIMATED TO TOTAL THE COMBINED NATIONAL DEBTS OF SEVERAL THIRD WORLD NATIONS.

WASHINGTON WANTS TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED. MORE SPECIFICALLY, WHY THEY SHOULD SEND TENS OF MILLIONS OF DOLLARS' WORTH OF DISASTER AID TO THE BIG ROTTEN APPLE.

THAT'S WHERE I COME IN. MY NAME'S JACOB FARBER, AND THIS IS MY ASSOCIATE ELWOOD McNULTY. WE'RE AGENTS OF THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION. WE WERE ASSIGNED TO WORK WITH THE PRESIDENT'S COMMISSION ON SUPERHUMAN ACTIVITIES TO INVESTIGATE WHAT WE'RE CALLING THE INFERNO AFFAIR.

MARK GRUENWALD, STORY JIM FERN, PENCILS  
JOE RUBINSTEIN, INKS JOE ROSEN, LETTERS  
GREGORY WRIGHT, COLORS BOB HARRAS, EDITOR  
TOM DEFALCO, EDITOR IN CHIEF



IT'S NOON THE DAY AFTER, THE NATIONAL GUARD IS OUT IN FULL FORCE, SO IS THE RED CROSS, EVERY COP IN THE CITY, AND A HUNDRED THOUSAND RUBBERNECKERS.



GOT TO START SOMEWHERE.

FARBER. FBI, WHO'S HE?



ID ON HIM SAYS  
DR. NED ZANE,  
DDS.

WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU, DR. ZANE?

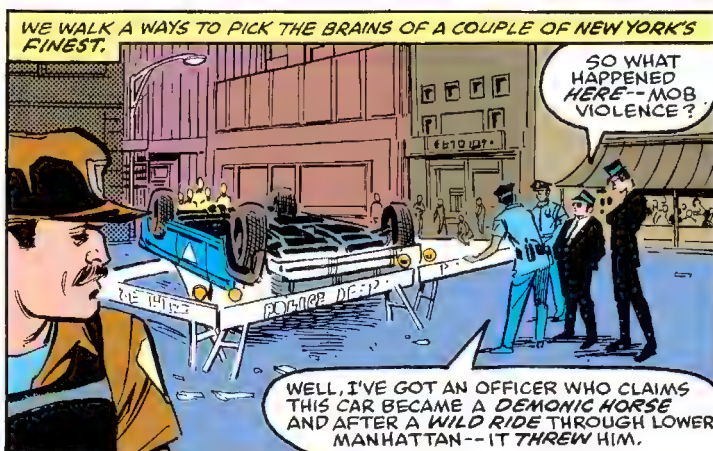
MY DENTAL EQUIPMENT  
TORTURED ME-- TOOK ME  
OVER-- MADE ME A WALKING  
INSTRUMENT OF ORAL HYGIENE  
AND REGULAR PROFESSIONAL  
CARE!



RIGHT.

THANK YOU,  
DOCTOR.

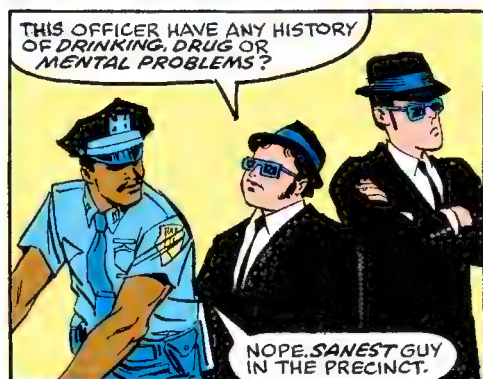
WE WALK A WAYS TO PICK THE BRAINS OF A COUPLE OF NEW YORK'S  
FINEST.



SO WHAT  
HAPPENED  
HERE-- MOB  
VIOLENCE?

WELL, I'VE GOT AN OFFICER WHO CLAIMS  
THIS CAR BECAME A DEMONIC HORSE  
AND AFTER A WILD RIDE THROUGH LOWER  
MANHATTAN-- IT THREW HIM.

THIS OFFICER HAVE ANY HISTORY  
OF DRINKING, DRUG OR  
MENTAL PROBLEMS?



NOPE. SANEST GUY  
IN THE PRECINCT.

HEY, YOU MIGHT WANNA CHECK  
THE 34TH PRECINCT. THEY'RE  
HOLDING SOME SCIENTIST  
TYPES THERE THAT CLAIM TO  
KNOW MORE'N ANYBODY ELSE.



RIGHT.



TOOK ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES TO GO TEN BLOCKS, NO TELLING IF IT WOULD BE WORTH THE EFFORT, BUT ELWOOD AND I ARE NOTHING IF NOT THOROUGH.

AND WHAT ARE THEY BEING HELD FOR?

USE OF POSSIBLY DANGEROUS DEVICES WHICH MAY HAVE HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH ALL THE HALLUCINATIONS.

I TELL THE DESK SERGEANT WE NEED TO SEE THEM AND THE NEXT THING I KNOW THE FOUR MEMBERS OF EMPIRE STATE UNIVERSITY'S PARANORMAL PROBE TEAM ARE BROUGHT OUT AND PLACED IN MY CUSTODY.

YOU FOLKS CLAIM YOU ACTUALLY INVESTIGATED THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING DURING ITS GROWTH PHASE?

THAT IS RIGHT, AGENT FARBBER.

AND THE INSTRUMENTS THESE OVERZEALOUS PEACE OFFICERS HAVE IMPOUNDED WILL CONFIRM IT--IF WE'RE ALLOWED ACCESS TO THEM.

I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO.

I CAN DO PLENTY, AND SO...

SEE, THIS READ-OUT GRAPHS ECTOPLASMIC ENGRAMS AS RECORDED BY--

I DON'T SEE ANYTHING BUT A SQUIGGLY LINE.

THAT'S JUST IT, AGENT FARBBER. IT WAS NOTHING BUT AN HALLUCINATION-- JUST LIKE THE ELEVATOR!

THE ELEVATOR, DR. SNODGRASS?

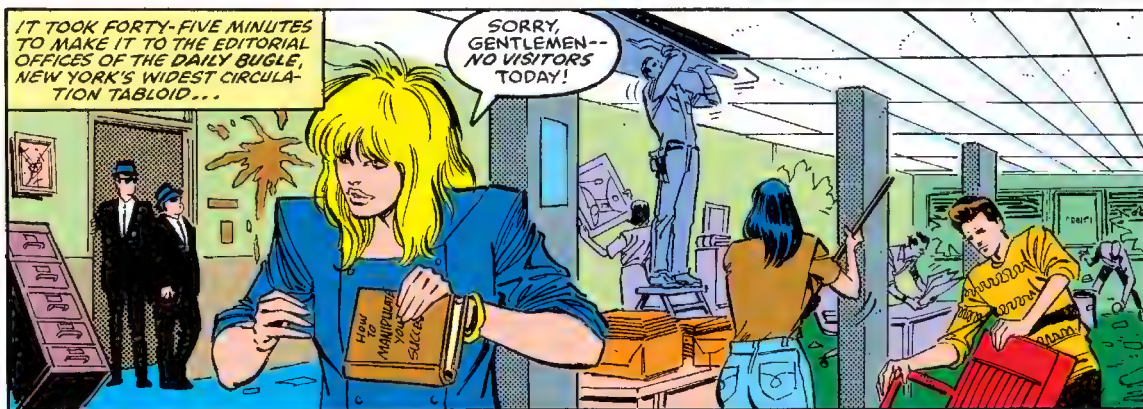
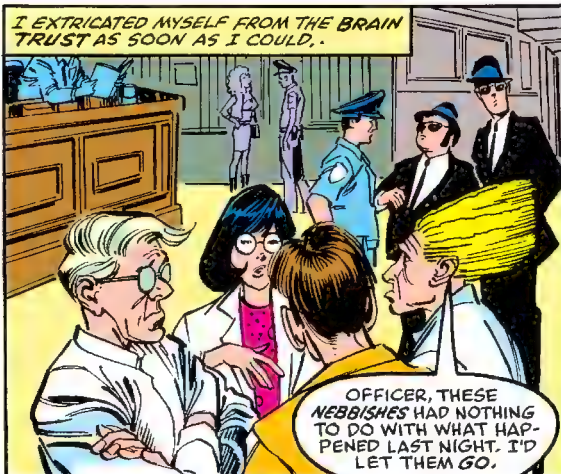
YES. MY COLLEAGUES AND I WERE TAKING THE ELEVATOR FROM THE RAINBOW ROOM WHEN WE ALL HAD THE HALLUCINATION THAT THE ELEVATOR WALLS HAD CLOSED IN SO TIGHTLY ON US --

-- THAT WE WERE TURNED TO WALLPAPER.

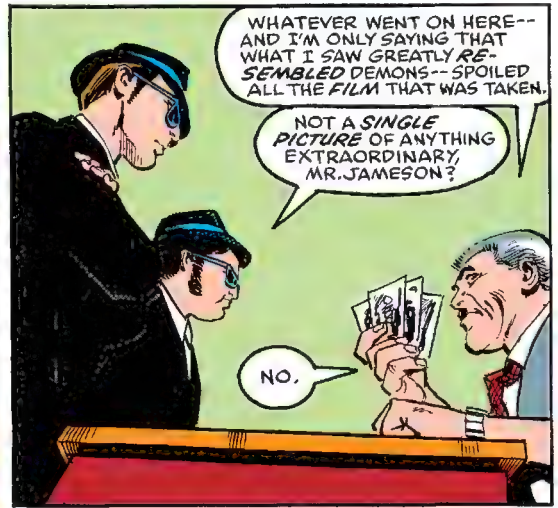
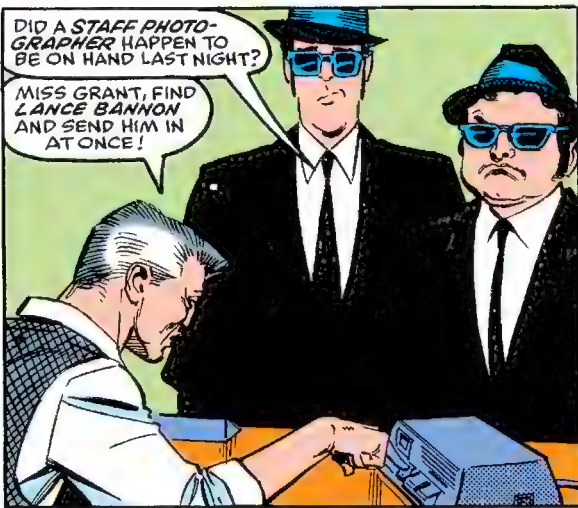
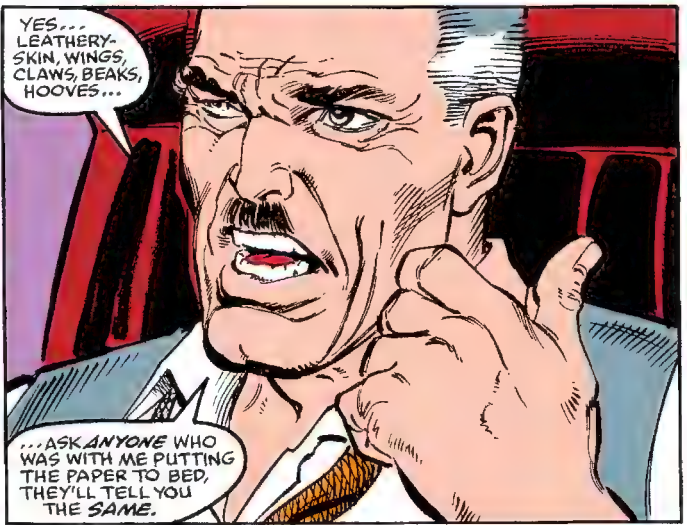
THEN WHAT HAPPENED?

WE WOKE UP THIS MORNING IN A NORMAL ELEVATOR.

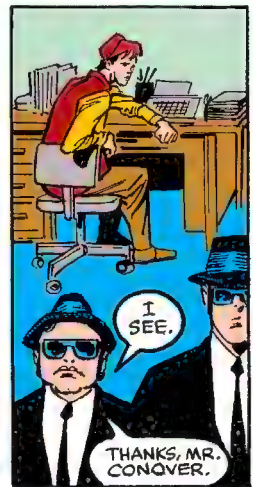
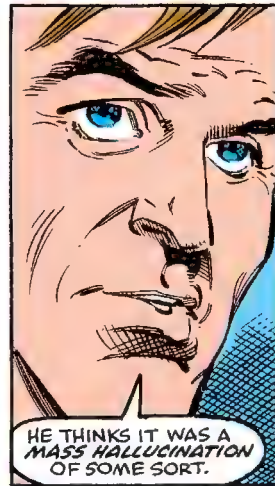




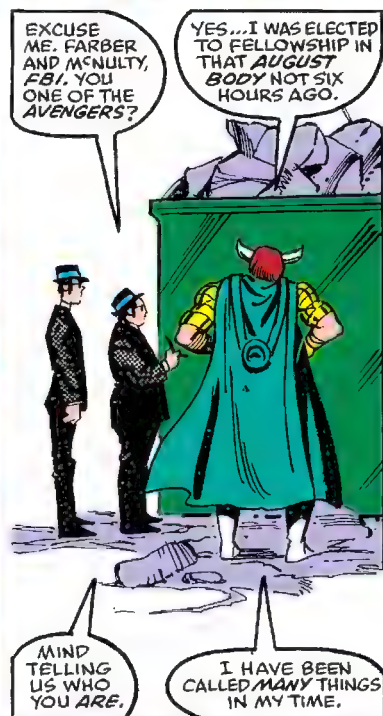
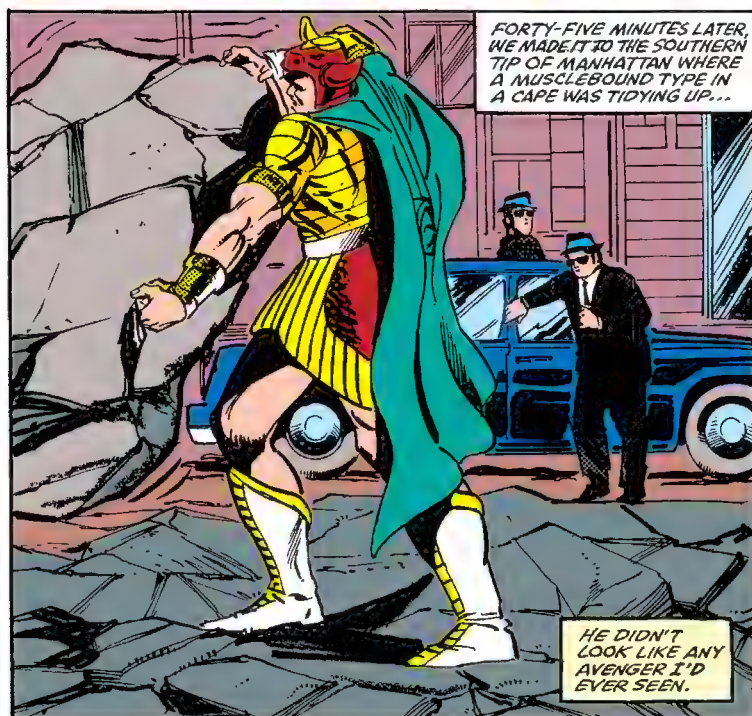
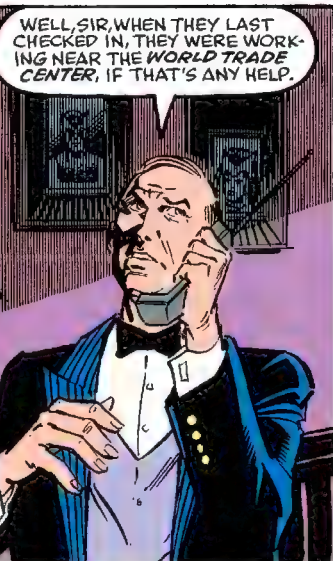










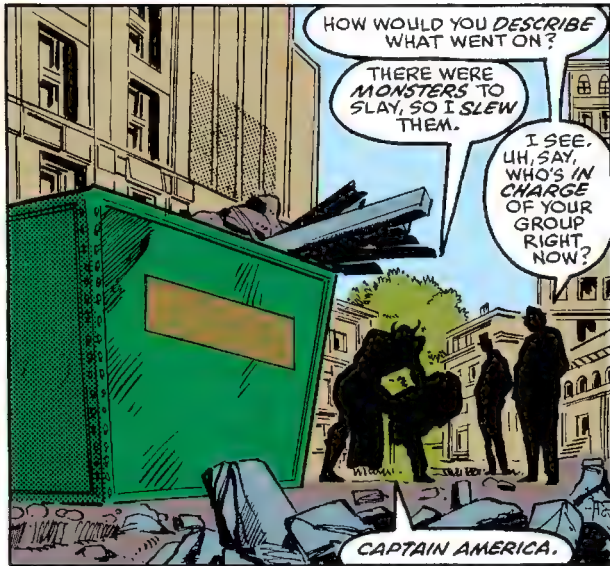






YOU WERE IN MANHATTAN DURING THE CHAOS LAST NIGHT?

YES.

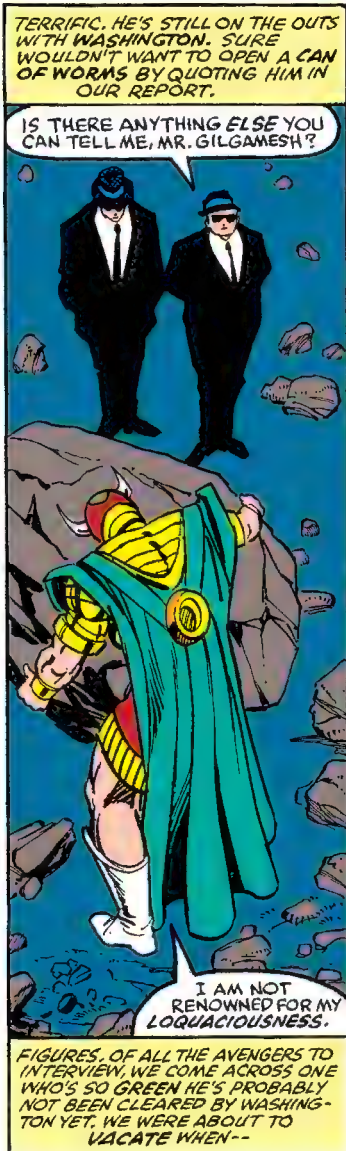


HOW WOULD YOU DESCRIBE WHAT WENT ON?

THERE WERE MONSTERS TO SLAY, SO I SLEW THEM.

I SEE. UH, SAY, WHO'S IN CHARGE OF YOUR GROUP RIGHT NOW?

CAPTAIN AMERICA.



TERRIFIC. HE'S STILL ON THE OUTS WITH WASHINGTON. SURE WOULDN'T WANT TO OPEN A CAN OF WORMS BY QUOTING HIM IN OUR REPORT.

IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE YOU CAN TELL ME, MR. GILGAMESH?

I AM NOT RENOWNED FOR MY LOQUACIOUSNESS.

FIGURES. OF ALL THE AVENGERS TO INTERVIEW, WE COME ACROSS ONE WHO'S SO GREEN HE'S PROBABLY NOT BEEN CLEARED BY WASHINGTON YET. WE WERE ABOUT TO VACATE WHEN--



--ELWOOD SPOTTED SOMETHING.

NO THANKS. I'D JUST AS SOON NOT QUOTE ANYBODY WHO CLAIMS TO BE A GOD EITHER.

LOOK!

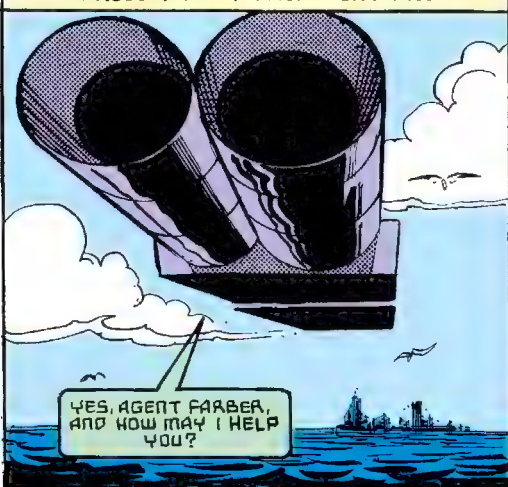


ANOTHER FORTY-SEVEN MINUTES FOUND US BACK IN BUREAU HEADQUARTERS...

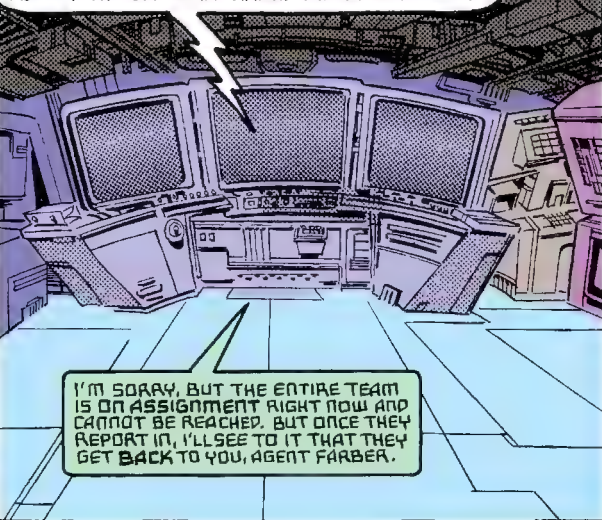
THAT'S RIGHT, X-FACTOR. THOSE MUTANT-BUSTERS WHO TURNED OUT TO BE MUTANTS THEMSELVES. WHAT DO YOU MEAN THE NUMBER'S BEEN CHANGED? THIS IS THE FBI, BLAST IT!



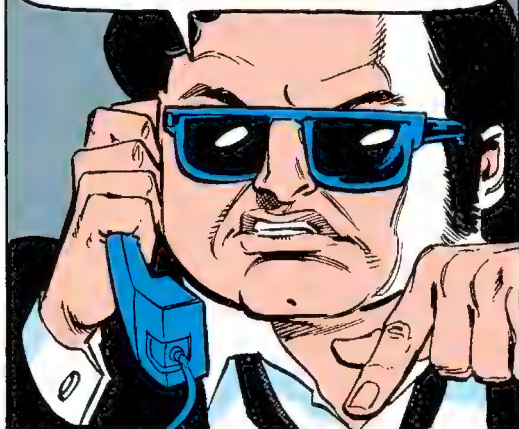
IT TOOK SOME DOING, BUT WE FINALLY GOT OURSELVES PATCHED THROUGH TO SOME WEIRD-VOICED PERSON NAMED SHIP WHO CLAIMED TO REPRESENT THIS X-FACTOR GROUP...



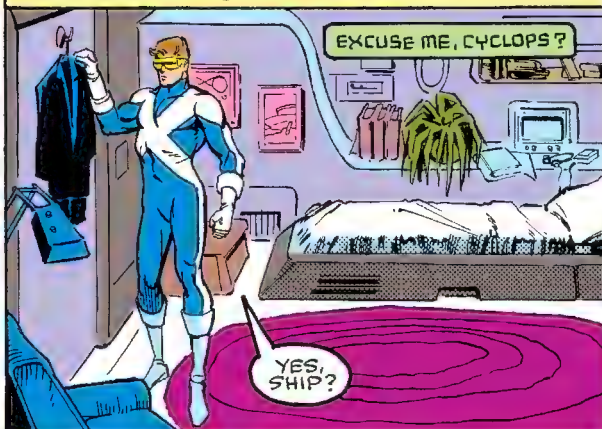
I NEED TO SPEAK TO ONE OF THE X-FACTORERS ABOUT THE CHAOS IN MANHATTAN LAST NIGHT.



YOU SEE TO IT THEY DO. IF I DON'T HEAR FROM SOMEBODY IN THE NEXT TWO HOURS, THEY'RE GOING TO BE UP TO THEIR MASKS IN TROUBLE.



WE NEVER DID LEARN WHAT SORT OF ASSIGNMENT THESE X-FACTOR PEOPLE WERE ON, BUT WITHIN TWO HOURS THE MUTANT CALLED CYCLOPS DID GET BACK TO ME...



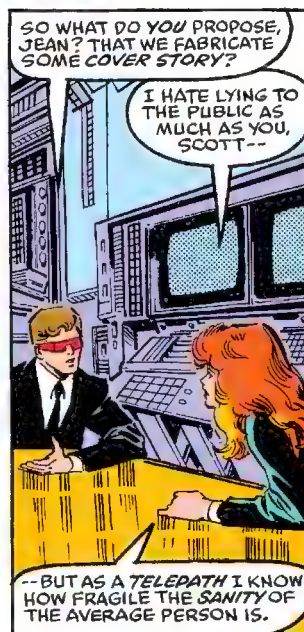
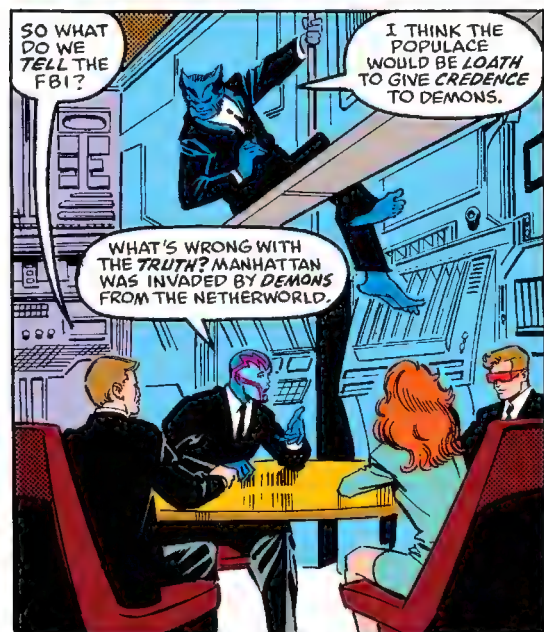
AN AGENT FARBER OF THE FBI JUST CALLED INQUIRING ABOUT YOUR INVOLVEMENT IN THE GOINGS-ON IN MANHATTAN. I TOLD HIM YOU WERE UNAVAILABLE...



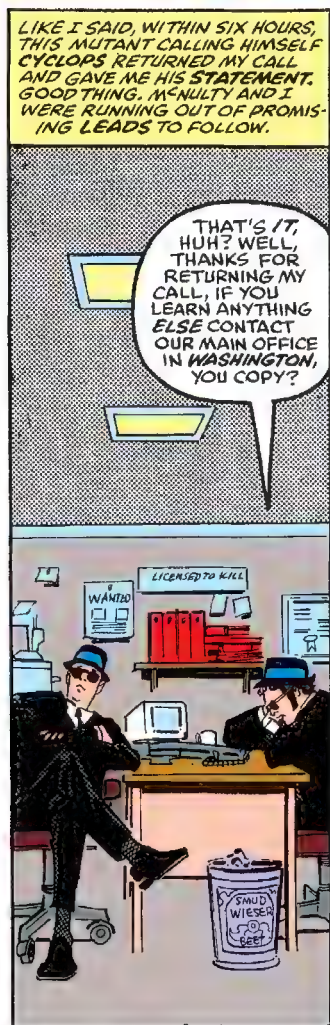
HAVE THE OTHERS MEET ME IN THE CONFERENCE ROOM. I GUESS WE'D BETTER DEAL WITH THIS BEFORE MADELYNE'S FUNERAL.\*















**FINAL** **DAILY BUGLE** 30c  
THE PICTURE NEWSPAPER

30c Thursday, January 30, 1989 Party cloudy, chance of snow. High 25-30. Details p. 2

# DEMON NIGHT CAUSED BY HYPNO-RAY

Jacob Conover  
Bugle Staff Reporter

According to a highly placed government source, the twenty-four hours of panic and terror that gripped the city two days ago was the result of a hallucination projector flying in a dirigible above the city. This projector, alleged to have been *manufactured* by the terrorist group, the Advanced Idea Mechanics, blanketed Manhattan with as yet unidentified emanations which affected the perception centers of the brain in nine out of every ten New Yorkers. The radiation is not believed to have presented any lasting health hazard and is not believed to have been in any way radioactive. A





# EMPEROR OF DEATH!

IT WAS ONLY A SHORT NUMBER OF YEARS AGO THAT I, THE WATCHER, SAW A DARK DAY BEFALL THE PLANET EARTH.

FOR NAGA, THE MAD, ELDERLY EMPEROR OF UNDER-SEA LEMURIA HAD AT LAST REGAINED THE SERPENT CROWN AND THE VAST MYSTIC POWER IT BESTOWED.

AND ONLY HIS CAPTIVE, PRINCE NAMOR OF ATLANTIS, THE MIGHTY SUB-MARINER, DARED TO DEFY HIM!

WHY SO SILENT, MONARCH THAT WAS?

IS IT BECAUSE YOU REALIZE THAT NAGA HAS BEEN BUT TOYING WITH YOU, LIKE A SHARK WITH ITS PREY?

THEN SAVE YOURSELF FOR THE MOMENT BY GROVELING SHAMELESSLY AT MY FEET!

THOUGH YOU BE IMMORTAL AS YOU CLAIM, TYRANT...

... YOU'LL NOT LIVE TO SEE THAT DAY!

## THE SAGA OF THE SERPENT CROWN CHAPTER 10

PETER  
SANDERSON  
WRITER

MARK  
BAGLEY  
PENCILER

KEITH  
WILLIAMS  
INKER

SANTIAGO  
TAPIA JR.  
COLORIST

STARKINGS  
& MOEDE  
LETTERS

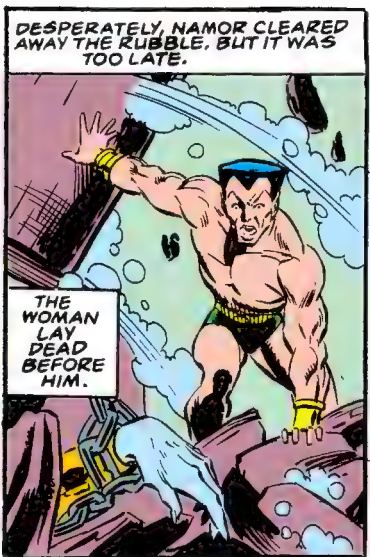
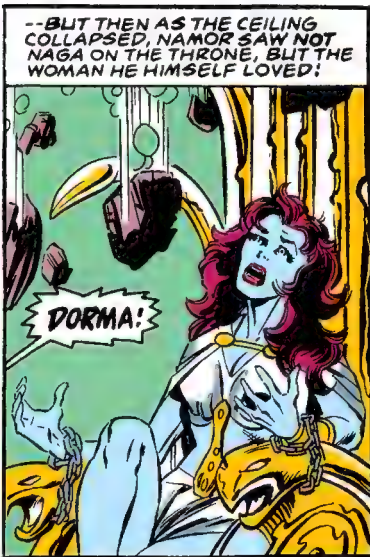
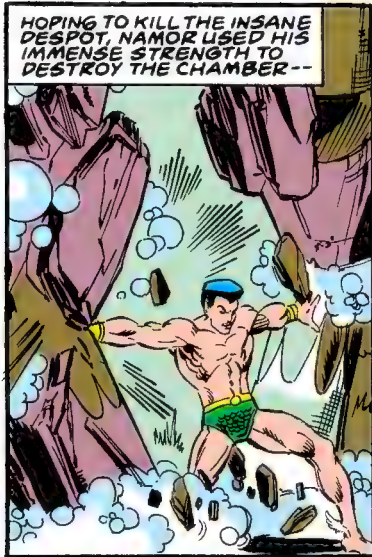
GREGORY  
WRIGHT  
MANAGING EDITOR

MARK GRUENWALD EDITOR

TOM DEFALCO EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

BASED IN PART ON STORIES BY ROY THOMAS AND MARIE SEVERIN, CO-CREATORS OF THE SERPENT CROWN.









BUT NAGA HAD OTHER PLANS FOR KARTHON...

SOMEONE MUST ADMINISTER THE KING'S JUSTICE...AND INFLICT THE KING'S TERROR!

YOU SHALL BE THAT ONE, QUESTER... TILL THE DAY WHEN NAGA TIRES OF YOUR NOBLE BROW!

KARTHON WAS BLIND!

NEVER SHOULD THE SERPENT CROWN HAVE BEEN RETURNED TO SUCH AS YOU!

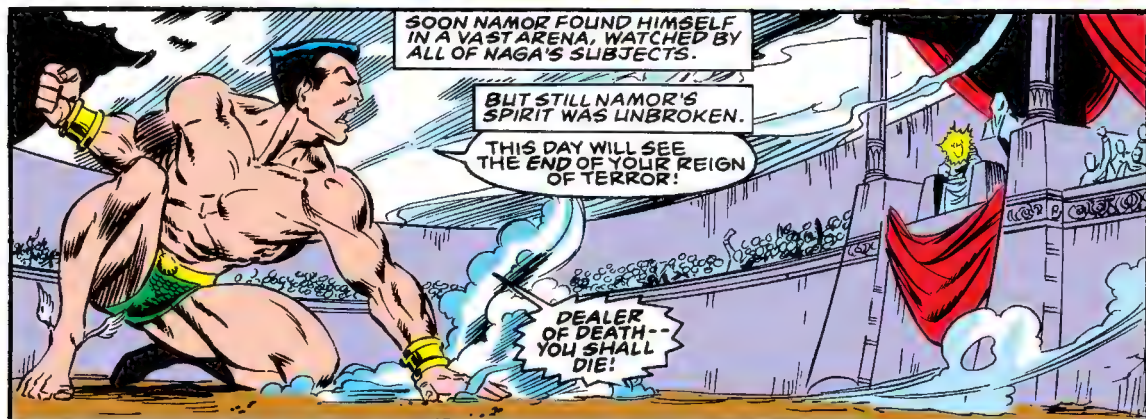


THEN NAGA ADDRESSED THE HIGH PRIESTESS OF HIS GOD SET, WHO STOOD AS ALWAYS BY HIS SIDE...

WHAT SAY YOU, MY DEAR? SHALL NOT NAMOR'S DEATH MARK A FITTING START TO THE RULE OF NAGA REBORN?

I AM PLEASED, MY LIEGE.

I HAVE GREAT PLANS FOR THE USE OF THE CROWN.

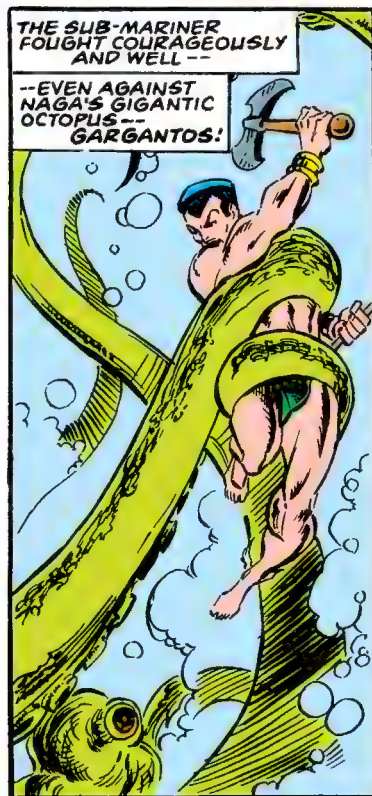


SOON NAMOR FOUND HIMSELF IN A VAST ARENA, WATCHED BY ALL OF NAGA'S SUBJECTS.

BUT STILL NAMOR'S SPIRIT WAS UNBROKEN.

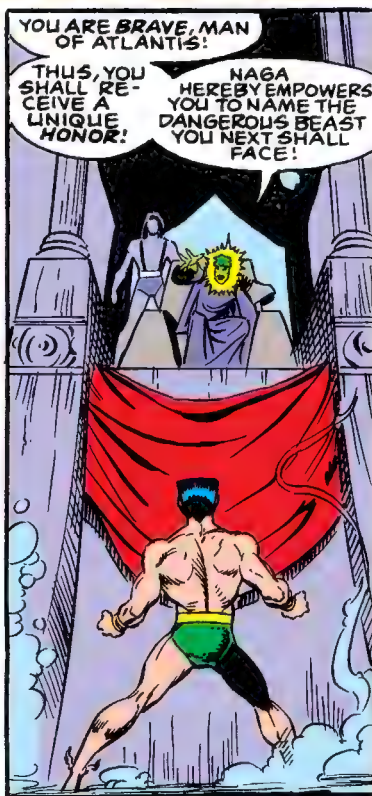
THIS DAY WILL SEE THE END OF YOUR REIGN OF TERROR!

DEALER OF DEATH-- YOU SHALL DIE!



THE SUB-MARINER FOUGHT COURAGEOUSLY AND WELL --

--EVEN AGAINST NAGA'S GIGANTIC OCTOPUS-- GARGANTOS!



YOU ARE BRAVE, MAN OF ATLANTIS!

THUS, YOU SHALL RECEIVE A UNIQUE HONOR!

NAGA HEREBY EMPOWERS YOU TO NAME THE DANGEROUS BEAST YOU NEXT SHALL FACE!



THEN THAT CHOICE IS A SIMPLE ONE!

I CHOOSE THE MOST DANGEROUS BEAST OF ALL!

I CHOOSE... THE ONE CALLED... NAGA!



THE INSULT DROVE NAGA INTO A MURDEROUS RAGE --

NAGA COMES, FOOL-HARDY ONE!



-- YET DESPITE THE TREMENDOUS POWER UNLEASHED AGAINST HIM, NAMOR DID NOT FALL!

HOW DO YOU SURVIVE ONSLAUGHT AFTER FEAR-SOME ONSLAUGHT?

HOW??

WHILE YOU LIVE... AND THE FAIR DORMA... LIES MURDERED!

IT IS BECAUSE I WILL NOT DIE, EVIL ONE...

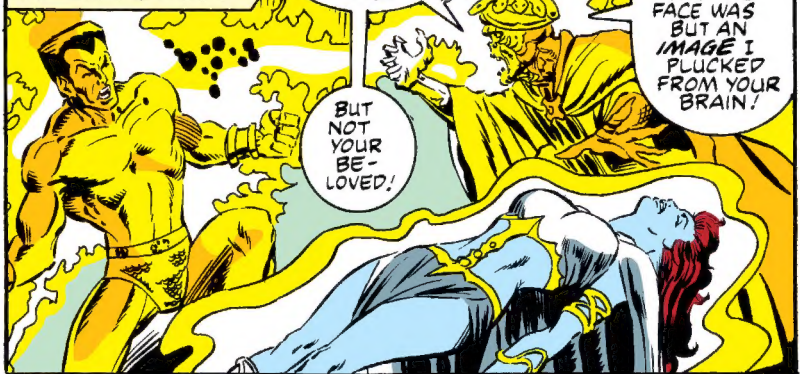
DETERMINED TO CRUSH THE SUB-MARINER'S SPIRIT-

-- NAGA PRODUCED THE CORPSE THAT NAMOR HAD SEEN EARLIER.

SOME-ONE DID DIE!

THE FORM WAS REAL... YET THE FACE WAS BUT AN IMAGE I PLUCKED FROM YOUR BRAIN!

BUT NOT YOUR BE-LOVED!



AND THEN NAGA DISPELLED HIS ILLUSION, REVEALING--

A LEMURIAN!

BUT... WHO??

SHE WAS NOTHING!

HER NAME WAS... LIYNA!



KARTHON... DID YOU SEE? DID YOU HEAR?

GREAT NAGA KILLED LIYNA...

...YOUR SISTER!

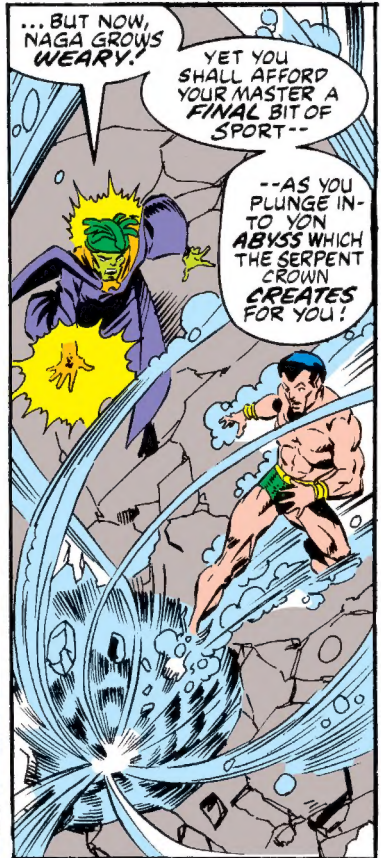
YES... I SEE... AND I HEAR...!



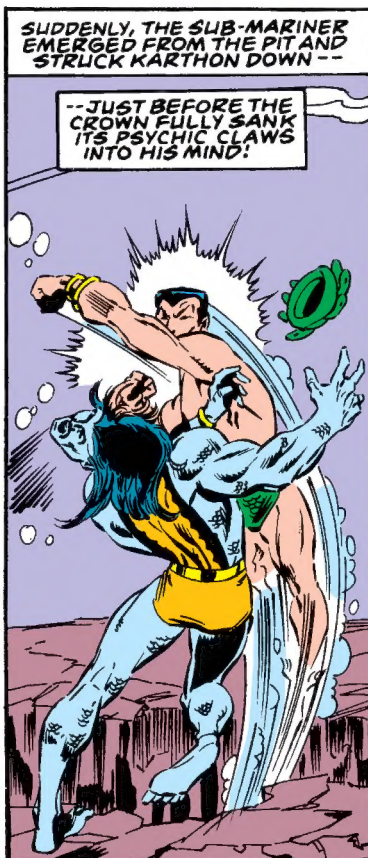
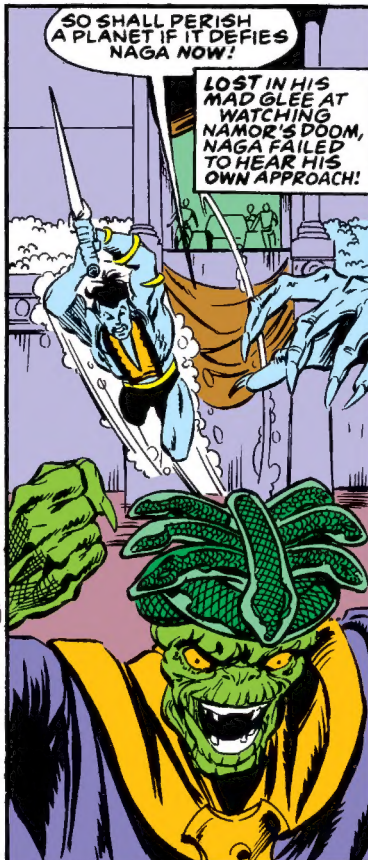
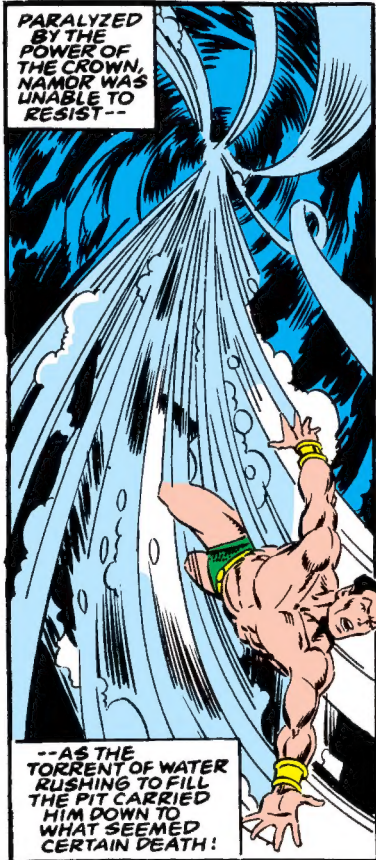
... BUT NOW, NAGA GROWS WEARY!

YET YOU SHALL AFFORD YOUR MASTER A FINAL BIT OF SPORT--

--AS YOU PLUNGE INTO YON ABYSS WHICH THE SERPENT CROWN CREATES FOR YOU!









THEN BEGAN A GREAT EARTH-  
QUAKE THAT NAGA HIMSELF  
HAD TRIGGERED BY CREATING  
THE PIT --

--AND THAT SWALLOWED  
UP THE EMPEROR, HIS  
CROWN, AND HIS GREAT  
CITY!

BUT THE PEOPLE OF LEMURIA  
ESCAPED AND JOYFULLY PRO-  
CLAIMED THEIR LIBERATOR  
KARTHON AS THEIR NEW RULER.

AND NAMOR AND KARTHON,  
ONCE ENEMIES, HAD NOW  
BECOME TRUE FRIENDS.

LATER, IN AN ISOLATED TEMPLE,  
THE HIGH PRIESTESS OF SET  
STOOD DEEP IN THOUGHT.

FATE, SHE  
REFLECTED,  
HAD SAVED  
HER THE  
TROUBLE  
OF HAVING  
TO KILL  
NAGA  
HERSELF.

HE HAD  
ARRANGED  
HER  
WEDDING  
TO HIS  
MERRO.

NOW ALL SHE HAD TO DO WAS  
DISPOSE OF KARTHON AND  
MERRO AND SHE WOULD BE-  
COME RULER OF LEMURIA --

-- SHE WOULD BECOME  
THE EMPRESS LLYRA!

AND SOMEDAY,  
SHE THOUGHT,  
SHE WOULD  
POSSESS THE  
SERPENT CROWN  
AS WELL.

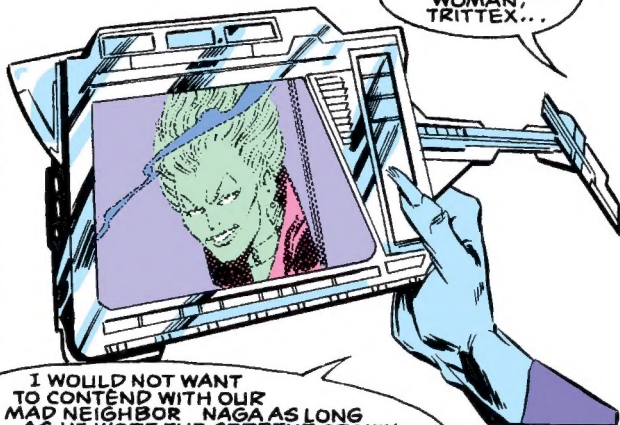
MOREOVER,  
SHE THOUGHT,  
PERHAPS  
SHE WOULD  
MAKE  
ATLANTIS  
AND NAMOR  
HER OWN --

-- EVEN IF SHE  
HAD TO KILL  
EVERYONE HE  
LOVED!

LLYRA BELIEVED HERSELF  
UNWATCHED. BUT I  
WAS WATCHING HER.

AND SO WAS ONE OTHER,  
THANKS TO HIS MONITOR  
DEVICES.

A REMARKABLE  
WOMAN,  
TRITTEX...



I WOULD NOT WANT  
TO CONTEND WITH OUR  
MAD NEIGHBOR NAGA AS LONG  
AS HE WORE THE SERPENT CROWN --

BUT HIS SUICIDAL  
FOLLY HAS PLAYED  
RIGHT INTO HIS  
PRIESTESS'S  
HANDS.

I AM NEVER  
AVERSE TO  
ACKNOWLEDGING  
THE ACHIEVE-  
MENTS OF MY  
FELLOW...  
PROFESSIONALS,  
TRITTEX.

LLYRA'S STYLE OF WORSHIP  
IS MORE... PASSIONATE THAN  
MINE, BUT SHE MIGHT  
PROVE A WORTHY ALLY IN  
TIMES TO COME.

I WILL  
REMEMBER  
HER.

AND  
YEARS LATER,  
GHAUR, PRIEST-  
LORD OF THE  
DEVIAN'TS, WOULD  
INDEED JOIN  
FORCES WITH  
LLYRA TO CREATE  
A NEW SERPENT  
CROWN THAT  
ENDANGERED  
THE ENTIRE  
WORLD!

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